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TWO {SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS { By Post, 6^d.



THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.
BY G. E. ROBERTSON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It appears that one certain danger in "invalid music," as regards the choice of tunes, is that sedative music, when administered to a patient who is very seriously ill, may be a little too sympathetic, and carry him off. Perhaps it was to this sort of music that the American reporter alluded in his euphonious description of a burglary with violence—"crow-bars and other sedatives were freely applied, and with fatal result." The effect of these harmonious strains upon the recipient is various; their general effect is said to be to reduce the pulse; but this, one would suppose, must depend on whether he likes the music, and on the nature of his temper. "In nervous patients the head is usually bent sideways," but one can also imagine it shaken rather violently. "Ecstatic subjects will look upwards": this is taken to signify appreciation, but it is quite possible to mean quite the contrary. If in a very weak condition the poor man may have no other method of expressing his dislike for the performance. Upon the whole, though there may be "something in it," the advocates of cure by music give one the impression of exaggerating its power: it seems impossible to have a hobby nowadays without riding it to death.

A lady doctor tells us that "men have laid it down as a law, and women, with their proverbial humility, have accepted the dictum, that women get to look older much sooner than they themselves do. There is not a shadow of truth in this assertion." After denial ensues indignation, and she goes on to say that men "wear themselves out much sooner" (not "in singing of anthems"), and die five years earlier, and that it serves them right. But why this tumult in a scientific mind about so general a question? One would think that men had ventured to remark that the lady doctor herself was looking old. And what does it matter, when men and women are getting old, if they should look so? No lady can expect to rival Ninon de Longclothes (so called from retaining an infantine appearance to extreme old age), while the classical examples of mortals who have bidden defiance to time are not very encouraging. The number of years which either sex can count upon, as proving attractive to the other, as regards appearance, is really very small. Sheridan, indeed, is enthusiastic about a woman of fifty, but it is only (he confesses) as "an excuse for a glass." She has often many great attractions, by no means excluding that of good looks, but there is no excuse for her glass representing her as dangerous. It is not often (and certainly not so often as they imagine) that men of fifty have still the power of turning the heads of the other sex—at least in their direction; but they do it now and then. It is not, perhaps, much to their credit, but I think that the lady doctor must admit that it happens in the one case and not in the other. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether this has anything to do with youthful looks, so that she may be right in her dictum after all. I think she has been unconsciously led into this controversy by the dogma that "a woman is as old as she looks, and a man as old as he feels," which, like most other dogmas, is both false and mischievous.

Mr. Andrew Lang has been chaffing—no, he is not so vulgar, I believe the proper word is "rallying"—me in the *Contemporary Review*. He says of the humour of the ancients that, though poor I may not appreciate it, "other scholars" may think differently. What have I done—or read—that he should call me a scholar? And as for the ancients, they have always seemed to me full of fun, sometimes even when they do not intend it. What I have occasionally ventured to suggest is that wisdom did not die with them, as some aver. One gets as weary of these passionate devotees of the classics as of those later lovers who bid us admire their mistress' shoe-strings.

A very learned person tells us that when the best means of forming a good style was inquired of the erudite Arnauld, he advised the daily study of Cicero; but it was observed that the object was not to form a Latin but a French style. "In that case," said Arnauld, "you must still read Cicero." This reminds one of the scene that has been described between Thackeray and an ancient scholar of the old school. He maintained that all that was really valuable in English literature was owed to Pindar. "But my good sir," pleaded the novelist, "you don't mean to say that Pindar wrote 'Vanity Fair'?" "yes, I do," he said, "in the highest and noblest sense; and if it is a good book, Pindar wrote 'Vanity Fair.'"

The vicar of a City church who has been taking his congregation to task for "leaning forward" when in the act of worship, instead of sitting bolt upright or kneeling, is, let us charitably hope, a young man. He has probably no experience of that period of life when the grasshopper is a burden and "the keepers of the house" begin to tremble, or he would not find either sitting upright or kneeling such an easy matter. A man may have "weak knees" through age as well as from want of faith, and be also weak in the back. A well-known minister once offered up a prayer in his pulpit for those of his congregation who were "too lazy to stand and too proud to kneel," but he made allowance for physical disability. Moreover, these conventional attitudes have little to do with genuine devotion. A religious man can pray as devoutly in one position as in another, though the formalist may be unable to do so. Most people, one would imagine, pray the more earnestly the less their thoughts are distracted by pain or discomfort. Some early saints, indeed, used to imagine that a horse-hair shirt, and flintstones to kneel upon, stimulated devotion; but their case was surely exceptional: it seems impossible they could have given undivided attention to the matter in hand. The "leaning forward" was probably a position always popular with the aged and infirm; but, like the City vicar, the Church of old did not hold with it. I know at least one English cathedral where the seats in the stalls are so contrived that if you adopt this attitude you are

pitched forward, and the back of the stall comes down on the seat, with a noise like a watchman's rattle. It was probably bad for the monk whose leanings were thus disclosed to his ecclesiastic superiors, but it is rather alarming even to the modern visitor.

Antiquaries are not the only men of science who are liable to be deceived through ignorance of common things. An anthropologist of Athens has just discovered "a wild boy." If he had discovered a tame one, there would have been much more reason for his exultation. As a general rule, a philosopher knows nothing about his juvenile fellow-creatures, and this one is evidently no exception. He cites as proof of wildness in his young friend "the going on all-fours," which is one of the most common means of progression among boys, and "the imitation of the voices of animals," in which it is their ordinary ambition to excel. As to the "drinking milk," it is true that is not a popular liquor with boys; but when it is obtained "by milking other people's cattle" one can imagine it to have an immense attraction for them; while as to "eating roots and acorns," they are their favourite food. In Athens, where Greek has been always compulsory, boys may very possibly differ from their race elsewhere; but to those who are acquainted with the common (or garden) boy it is clear that, if the Athenian philosopher has discovered anything, it is a mare's-nest.

"I am his Highness's dog at Kew" was the boastful inscription on the collar of one well known to fame, with the somewhat insulting inquiry appended to it, "Pray, Sir, whose dog are you?" This was an animal of the courtier breed. How much nobler was the record worn by another member of the canine species, just deceased, who spent his whole existence in the exercise of philanthropy. "I am 'Help,' the railway dog of England, and travelling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is No. 55, Colebrooke Row, where subscriptions will be thankfully received." He did not add, as a less modest dog would have done, that his personal exertions had obtained more than a thousand pounds for the fund. Comparisons are odious, and one does not wish to depreciate that meritorious, though somewhat melodramatic, character, the dog of St. Bernard; but he was a "help" of a more commonplace and ordinary kind, and gave brandy to people, which, however cold and wet they may be, is (we are told) a wrong thing to do. He probably behaved to one person in difficulties very much as he behaved to another: there was no diplomacy required of him; he had only to scratch and bark when he had found somebody, and then sit upon him (like a coroner) to impart animal warmth until medical assistance could be procured. Our railway "Help" had a much more difficult task than getting people out of the snow—he had to get money out of their pockets. How this was done we are not told, but it is reasonable to suppose, being so successful, that he used different methods for different cases. With nice liberal people (like my readers) his manner was affectionate and winning. "Here is my money-box," his pleading eyes would say; "drop something into it for the railway orphan," and if the coin was over a shilling he would wag his tail; but if he had to deal with some rich old hunk who never parts with sixpence, save under compulsion (even to buy "Our Note Book"), he would wrinkle up his nose and growl. "As sure as my name is 'Help,' unless you drop half-a-crown into my orphan-box, I'll take half-an-inch out of your calf." It is not every collector of charitable subscriptions who is such a clever dog as he was.

The good people at Durban give Christmas presents as we do at home, and quite as handsome ones; but the terms in which their presentation addresses are couched are sometimes peculiar. The advertisement columns of the *Natal Mercury* enshrine the following literary gem. It is the tribute of the "European and Indian employés" at a hotel to its manager, and was, one conjectures, not composed by a European hand: "We, the employés of So-and-so, beg to inform you that you have displayed all the energies that nature possessed you with during your management with us, inasmuch as by your resignation we have to place on record the highest esteem and respect that we have of you at heart. Your memory we shall not fail to forget so long as we are living monuments under the canopy of heaven. Accept, therefore, our gift of a silver tray and tea and coffee service, the richest design of Messrs. F. and Co., dedicated to your memory." As was said by an eminent resident in the Fleet Prison: "One can't help liking fellows with traits of this kind," however peculiarly they may express themselves.

It being desirable to finish a law case without adjournment, a County-Court judge took the advocates and the remaining witnesses away with him, continued the litigation en route in the railway carriage, and gave his decision in a station-master's office. This strikes one as an excellent plan, and the best that has yet been hit upon for removing the reproach of "the law's delay." Did he wear his wig, one wonders, and did the advocates stand up while addressing the Court, holding on to the seats and the window-pulls? A sharp curve on the line might otherwise have cut short an eloquent peroration. Was it a smoking carriage? Were the public excluded, or was the case carried on *in camera*? Was it continued through the tunnels? These interesting details are at present omitted; but one would like a full report. One of the great objections to travel with men of business is that it wastes so much valuable time, and this "new departure" opens a vista. No one has hitherto thought of utilising a railway journey except the professors of the three-card trick and the thimble-riggers; some cynics will say it is not surprising that the law should have taken a leaf out of their books.

A disinterested correspondent, who signs himself "Too Heavy for Donkey-riding," appeals to me against the new ukase of the Mayor of Mentone against donkey stands. It is, he says, very hard upon two classes (of very different weight), the invalids and the donkey proprietors; everyone who knows

Mentone knows how necessary donkeys are to the former, and even those who don't know it can guess how essential they are to the existence of the latter. This ill-considered order will be the ruin of an honest (and picturesque) trade, and will, no doubt, eventually affect the prosperity of Mentone itself. A hundred-and-fifty of the foreign colony have signed a letter of protest to the Mayor, and he replies that "there is an awkwardness in cancelling any official order." It appears that "only thirty donkey women" will be deprived by this one of their daily bread, but the whole invalid community is suffering from it.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and her children, with their suite, left Windsor Castle on Dec. 18 on her usual Christmas visit to the Isle of Wight. Her Majesty and the Princess drove to the Great Western Station, where they were received by the railway officials and the Mayor of Windsor. The train left at twenty minutes past ten o'clock. On reaching Gosport the royal party was received by the Duke of Connaught and the Earl of Clanwilliam. They then embarked in the *Alberta* yacht, crossing to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, and on landing drove to Osborne House, where they arrived shortly before luncheon. The Queen is expected to remain in the Isle of Wight for about two months.

The Prince of Wales terminated his visit to Welbeck Abbey on Dec. 18, arriving at Marlborough House at ten o'clock that evening. Prince George is gradually recovering strength, but will spend Christmas with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and not at Sandringham, as at first anticipated.

The concentration of the newspaper mind on the royal marriage has produced some curious rumours about the Duke of Clarence. One is that he will succeed Lord Zetland as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It seems to be forgotten that this is a political office—that the Lord Lieutenant represents the Government of the day, and that if the Duke of Clarence were to hold this post he would be brought within the sphere of party conflict. It is not very likely that Lord Salisbury will raise an entirely new set of complications by an experiment of this kind.

Lord Charles Beresford has issued a manifesto from the high seas to the electors of North Kensington, where there is at present an embarrassment of Conservative candidates. Lord Charles devotes himself to the question of national defence, and urges the adoption of some plan which will connect the Navy and the mercantile marine in a common organisation. This is only one of the many important points which demand, but do not get, the attention of Parliament.

The humours of Irish electioneering have been enriched by Colonel Sanderson, who declared that he regarded the contest between Mr. Davitt and Mr. Redmond as he would a struggle between "two pickpockets." The gallant Colonel added the sportsmanlike touch that he sympathised with "the plucky one," though in point of pluck there does not seem much room for invidious distinction.

Mr. Goschen's plan for increasing the metallic reserve in the Bank of England has excited considerable opposition in financial circles, and it is doubtful whether it will be laid before the House of Commons in the coming Session. The general interest in the subject of one-pound notes is scarcely feverish.

A vacancy in the representation of East Worcestershire has been created in a somewhat melodramatic manner by the arrest of Mr. G. W. Hastings, the present member, on a charge of fraud. The resignation of Mr. Hastings has been expected for some little time past, though there will be a general hope that he will clear himself from the serious indictment which has been brought against him.

The correspondence between the Duke of Argyll and Sir Lyon Playfair on the subject of the next Home Rule Bill is agreeably academic. The Duke of Argyll suggests a variety of grave contingencies which Sir Lyon Playfair politely declines to accept, confessing, however, that he knows nothing of Mr. Gladstone's intentions. It is pleasing to find Sir Lyon closing the encounter with an assurance of his undying regard for his opponent. This ought to be studied at Waterford.

A pamphlet has been issued by Mr. Bramwell Booth, giving an epitome of the first year's working of the "Darkest England" social scheme. From this it appears that most of the departments show a deficit. The farm colony is scarcely begun, and the "over sea" colony is still in embryo. Mr. Bramwell Booth tells us that £17,000 has been expended, instead of the £30,000 which was considered "necessary income," but he admits that the full amount will be needed next year.

Mr. Charles Booth—who is not to be confounded with the "General's" family—has made a startling proposal. Mr. Booth is admittedly one of the chief authorities on the question of pauperism, but his heroic scheme for providing universal pensions for old age has caused much searching both of heart and purse. In brief, Mr. Booth suggests that a pension of five shillings a week shall be given to everybody at the age of sixty-five. This will cost £17,000,000 sterling a year, and to raise this modest sum Mr. Booth would impose a graduated income tax.

The Prince of Wales having consented to attend the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Rhyl next year, the Executive Committee have written to his Royal Highness inquiring what date in September next will be agreeable to him. The Prince of Wales will, it is understood, be the guest of the Duke of Westminster during the Eisteddfod.

Sir John Gorst, M.P., presided on Dec. 17 over a meeting in the City, at which it was resolved to establish a London Shipping Exchange in a central position, where shipowners, in both the ocean and short sea trades, charterers, shippers, importers, and others connected with shipping will be able to meet for the ready transaction of business. He remarked that, should the exchange be carried out in the spirit in which it had been commenced, it would become one of the most important institutions in London.

Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and Mr. Armitstead, late member for Dundee, has left London for Biarritz. Mr. Gladstone's health is again excellent, and his voice has, curiously enough, improved. Lord Salisbury is spending his Christmas at Hatfield.

The City Corporation has voted 2500 guineas for the purchase of a wedding present for the Duke of Clarence and Princess Victoria of Teck.

Some ten thousand people witnessed the Rugby football match, North v. South, played at Newcastle on Dec. 19. It proved to be one of the best contests by the two selected teams. North was victorious.

LAMB AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

BY J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

In his "Life of Charles Lamb," our standard authority, Canon Ainger, points out with much reason that, although Talfourd was told by the authorities of Christ's Hospital that when Lamb left it he was "in Greek form, but not a Deputy Grecian," the distinction may have been, in large measure, a technical one. Lamb describes himself as having been a Deputy Grecian, and, by what is no doubt an undesigned coincidence, is so described by Leigh Hunt, who entered the school only about two years after Lamb had left. Some doubt, however, seems to linger, for in a note to the "Essays of Elia" Canon Ainger speaks of its being "a tradition" in Christ's Hospital that Lamb was the immediate pupil of the head master (Boyer) for some time before leaving school. Something has recently come under my notice which seems to establish in a very pleasant and very convincing fashion the strict accuracy of the tradition.

In Trollope's "History of Christ's Hospital" (1834, p. 192 *n.*) we are told that "it was the practice of Mr. Boyer to excite the emulation of his scholars by allowing them to transcribe exercises of more than ordinary merit in a book kept for the purpose. From this book, which is still in existence, the following verses are copied." Here follow the verses of Coleridge to which the title of "Julia" has been given by the editor of Macmillan's four-volume edition of his poems, in which they were first collected. By the courtesy of the famous head master's grandson and namesake, to whom the book has descended and by whom it is treasured, I have been permitted to examine it and to make some extracts. In turning over the leaves I was delighted to find a contribution signed "Charles Lamb, 1789"—not because its presence there cleared up any doubt about his position in the school—though that is something—but for the sufficient reason that it was Charles Lamb's. The verses, perhaps, are not conspicuously better than the average of such compositions, though I am fain to detect in them the savour of a somewhat rarer herbage than that on which the normal clever schoolboy is content to browse; but this may be but a fancy, and I will not insist on it. To such rough-and-ready critical apparatus as I am able to apply, Lamb's "Mille Væ Mortis" yields as little promise of "Hester" or "The Old Familiar Faces" as Coleridge's "Julia" or "Christabel"; but it would not be surprising if a more delicate test gave a different result. For the development of Lamb's critical taste was years in advance of Coleridge's—as may be seen by his letters to his friend in 1796, when Lamb was twenty-one and Coleridge twenty-four. But I have no intention of instituting even the roughest comparative analysis of their schoolboy verses; I will rather preface Lamb's little exercise (which, I believe, has hitherto escaped notice) with a word or two regarding the "Libro d'Oro" in which I found it. It begins with 1783, when Boyer had been already head master for seven years, and it ends with his year of retirement, 1799. It contains in all sixty-five compositions, of which forty-six are in verse and nineteen in prose. The authors were all Grecians but three, and all "Exhibitioners" (sent to Oxford or Cambridge at the charge of the Hospital) but four—namely, John Maund, Charles Lamb, B. Oviatt, and W. Thompson. Maund was the Grecian who was not an Exhibitioner—the "ill-fated M—" of the "Elia" essay. Of him and of another, Henry Scott, also ill-fated, who contributed thrice to the book, Lamb says "the Muse is silent," and adapts Prior thus—

Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by.

Of Oviatt and W. Thompson no record is available. But here are Lancelot Pepys Stephens, "kindest of boys and men"; and Trollope, afterwards head master—these two the Damon and Pythias of the institution; Middleton, "a gentleman and scholar in his teens," who, later, "bore his mitre high in Calcutta"; Coleridge, "logician, metaphysician, bard," at an age when his protector was only "gentleman and scholar"; Edward Thornton, the "tall, dark, saturnine youth," who became a renowned diplomat and the father of another, still happily with us; the two Le Grices, the one who had the famous "lethargy" before going to make puns in Cornwall, and the other who, like his brother Grecian and contributor Favell, died as a soldier-boy; handsome Bob Allen, who seems to have exhausted himself in the fateful introduction of Coleridge to Southey; and "fine, frank-hearted Franklin," who became master of the children's school at Hertford. All Lamb's Grecians wrote in Boyer's book, and some of Hunt's. His strange, eerie "C—n" was doubtless Cheslyn; and there is Pitman, who visited Hunt in prison, and became Reader to our Queen when she was Princess Victoria; and Cantley, who had a distinguished career at Cambridge, and to whom, for auld lang syne, Pitman dedicated his Latin Anthology; and John Wood, who was Hunt's "kind giant," but who proved, in the cold daylight of his Fellow's rooms at Pembroke, when Hunt visited him at Cambridge, to be a head shorter than his visitor. All these wrote and are written in the "Liber Aureus" of their noble foundation, but of them all only two, Coleridge and Lamb, in that whose "golden clasps lock in the golden story" of our national literature.

Here is Lamb's first attempt—

MILLE VÆ MORTIS.

What time in bands of slumber all were laid,
To Death's dark court, methought I was convey'd;
In realms it lay far hid from mortal sight,
And gloomy tapers scarce kept out the night.

On ebon throne the King of Terrors sat,
Around him stood the ministers of Fate;
On fell destruction bent, the murth'rous band
Waited attentively his high command.

Here pallid Fear and dark Despair were seen,
And Fever here with looks forever lean,
Swoln Dropsy, halting Gout, profuse of woes,
And Madness fierce and hopeless of repose,

Wide-wasting Plague; but chief in honour stood
More-wasting War, insatiable of blood;
With starting eye-balls, eager for the word;
Already brandish'd was the glittering sword.

Wonder and fear alike had fill'd my breast,
And thus the grisly Monarch I address—

"Of earth-born Heroes why should poets sing,
"And thee neglect, neglect the greatest King?"
"To thee ev'n Caesar's self was forc'd to yield
"The glories of Pharsalia's well-fought field."

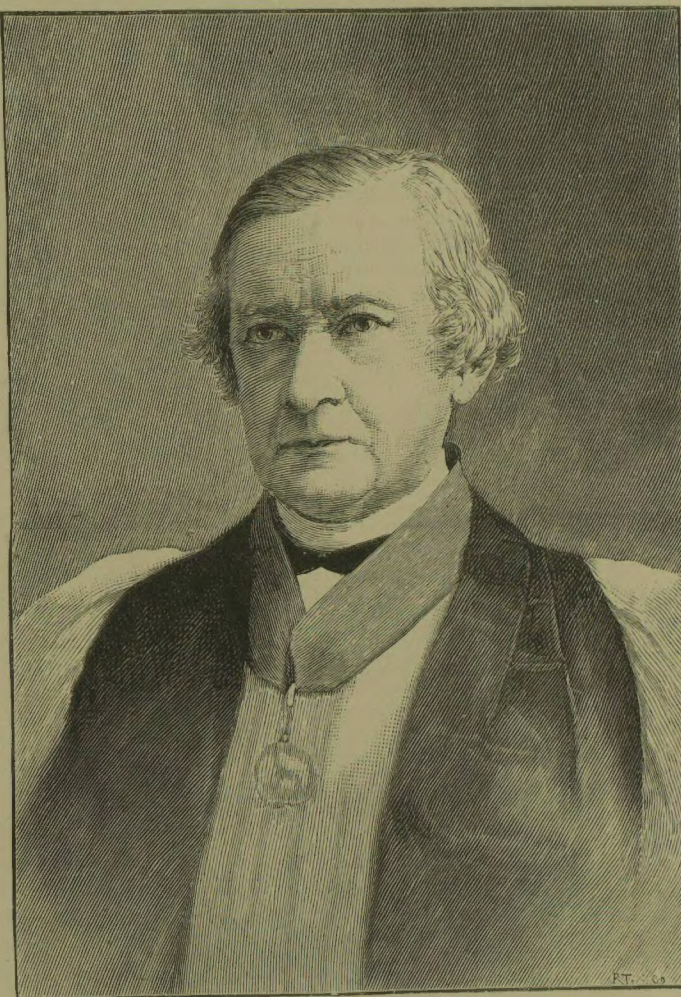
When, with a frown, "Vile caitiff, come not here!"
Abrupt cried Death; "shall flattery soothe my ear?"
"Hence, or thou feel'st my dart!" the Monarch said.
Wild terror seiz'd me, and the vision fled.

CHARLES LAMB, 1789.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE BISHOP HAROLD BROWNE.

On Dec. 21 the grave closed over one whose name has for many years been honoured among Churchmen of all shades of opinion, Bishop Harold Browne. Born in 1811, he was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He took his degree as a Wrangler in 1832, the late Dean Alford coming out also as a Wrangler of that year. He was subsequently elected a Fellow



THE LATE RIGHT REV. HAROLD BROWNE, D.D.

of his college (Emmanuel), and in 1840 he began his ministerial career in a country curacy in Gloucestershire. He was quickly preferred to the incumbency of St. James's, Exeter, but in 1843 he accepted the Vice-Principalship, with the Professorship of Hebrew, at St. David's College, Lampeter. He returned to parochial work in 1849, and the following year saw the publication of a work on which he had been engaged for many years—namely, "An Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles." This was his first really serious attempt at literature, and it is probably by that book more than by any other work in his life that his name will go down to posterity. "Harold Browne on the Articles," as the book is familiarly called, is still the textbook for candidates for Orders, and is of great authority. This book at once marked him out for preferment, and it caused no surprise when, in 1854, he was elected to the Norrisian Chair of Divinity at Cambridge. A canonry at Exeter fell to him in 1857, and in 1864 he was nominated by the Crown to the Bishopric of Ely. He did capital work in that quiet country diocese, and manifested great powers of organisation. He was one of the first Bishops to recognise the value of the diocesan conferences, and when the sudden death of Wilberforce, in 1873, deprived the diocese of Winchester of its head, the name of Harold Browne was freely mentioned for the vacancy. His translation gave great satisfaction, and his seventeen years' rule there will long be remembered with gratitude and thankfulness by the large body of clergy and laity. It was very generally expected that he would have been raised to the Primacy on the death of Archbishop Tait, but it is understood that he had caused it to be known in the highest circles that age and infirmity would compel him to decline it. The Queen, however, wrote him a very complimentary letter, and Mr. Gladstone also informed the Bishop what pleasure the appointment would have given him.

Dr. Harold Browne was not the man to hold a position for which he had become unfitted, and in the autumn of last year,

in consequence of the frequent recurrence of attacks of illness, he resigned the See of Winchester, and had since been living in retirement. As a theologian he was one of the first authorities in the Church; as a Bishop he was a firm ruler, and a just administrator; as a man he was kind and generous almost to a fault. He was a High Churchman of the old school, and he had little sympathy with modern Ritualistic developments. He held by primitive antiquity. "If these are my last words," he said in the course of a touching farewell address at the Diocesan Conference in October 1890, "I will say that the Church of England can stand only on primitive principles, and that if there is corruption in her she can only throw it off by returning to them. As long as the Church of England holds by primitive antiquity, so long will she be the greatest witness in the world for the truth of Jesus Christ."

Our Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker, of Regent Street, W.

"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA."

This amusing parlour-game for young people has apparently been invented as a dramatic variety of the simple old romping pastime known to our remote ancestors by the name of "blind man's buff." Instead of merely letting loose a blindfolded person to catch any of the company, as best he can, when the customary penalty of being caught is that of submitting next in turn to the bandage and to the awkward task of a groping indiscriminate pursuit, there is a certain arrangement of parts to be performed. Why the object designated for this helpless and ridiculous endeavour should be entitled "The Queen of Sheba" it might be difficult for the most learned commentators on the history of the kingdom of Israel to explain. But if Solomon were regarded as the impersonation of royal dignity and wisdom, a figure more unsuitable to express those qualities is hardly to be imagined than the timid gentleman, previously ignorant of the rule of the game, who has surrendered the use of his eyesight, and is bidden to approach and kiss a selected pretty girl enthroned in mimic state. The real King Solomon would have been likely, from other anecdotes of his biography, to have had his eyes and wits about him on similar occasions. The purpose, however, in this juvenile Christmas play, is only to make fun at his temporary expense. He and the other stupid fellows of his sex have been turned out of the drawing-room for a minute, while the young ladies, in the artful exercise of their natural innocent malice, contrived a slight apparent mortification for the victim of these conventional wiles. Before he is readmitted, unable to see the change of seats that has taken place, the attractive young person, who was chosen for "the Queen of Sheba," has retired to the background, and her throne is now occupied by somebody whom it is no great favour to salute with a token of tender homage: the impudent page, the "boy in buttons," has in this case been impressed into the service of his mistresses, who are already exulting over their trick. It is great fun, no doubt, for some of the girls to see a young man or boy, who may be deemed rather priggish, betrayed into this foolish situation. Our Artist's exhibition of the scene may serve to warn the unwary masculine visitor at such a party, so that he should escape being made liable to this humiliating ordeal, by claiming exemption as one of the initiated class who know what is going to be done. Simple "blind man's buff" is a more fair and honest game, and we hope that many people can still enjoy it as of old.

Mr. Walter Crane's "Queen Summer; or, The Tournay of the Lily and the Rose" (Cassell and Co.) is an allegorical treatment of the old rivalry between the two claimants for supremacy in the flower world. The designs of some of the groups are of great beauty, and the colouring throughout, although flat, is delicate and effective. Somehow, we miss the delicate fancy which distinguished Mr. Walter Crane's earlier work, and gave him the first place among the illustrators of children's books. His subsequent career as a successful designer of wall-papers and curtains doubtless gives a more flowing line and greater breadth to his work; but he no longer makes us pause to follow out his delicate fancy and his ingenious interpretation of the story. The volume, nevertheless, will take a high place among the Christmas books of the year; but we should find it difficult to say to what age or to what class either the verses or the illustrations are specially intended to appeal.

Madame Ivan Tourgueneff, widow of the celebrated Russian novelist, has died in her Château of Vert Bois, near Marly-le-Roi, having survived her husband about seven years. She leaves two sons, one of whom is a sculptor.

Mr. Whittier, the poet, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday at Newbury Port, Massachusetts, on Dec. 17. A large delegation from his native town of Haverhill visited him and presented him with an address, to which he replied briefly. Congratulations have reached him from all parts of the country.

The proprietors of *Murray's Magazine* announce in the December number that it will be "suspended for the present." This looks like the death-knell of the shilling magazine. *Murray's Magazine* has been well conducted, and during the last year it has had running through its pages one of the greatest books in recent fiction—Mrs. Margaret Woods's "Esther Vanhomrigh"—yet it has apparently been unable to survive the competition of its sixpenny rivals.

The authorities of the Royal Academy of Music have issued a pamphlet containing particulars of the open scholarships which will be competed for during 1892. Among them is the Liszt Scholarship, which gives three years' free instruction in the Academy and two years' training on the Continent. This scholarship will be vacated at Easter by Miss Grace Mary Henshaw, who during the past two years has been studying under Professor Klindworth at Berlin.

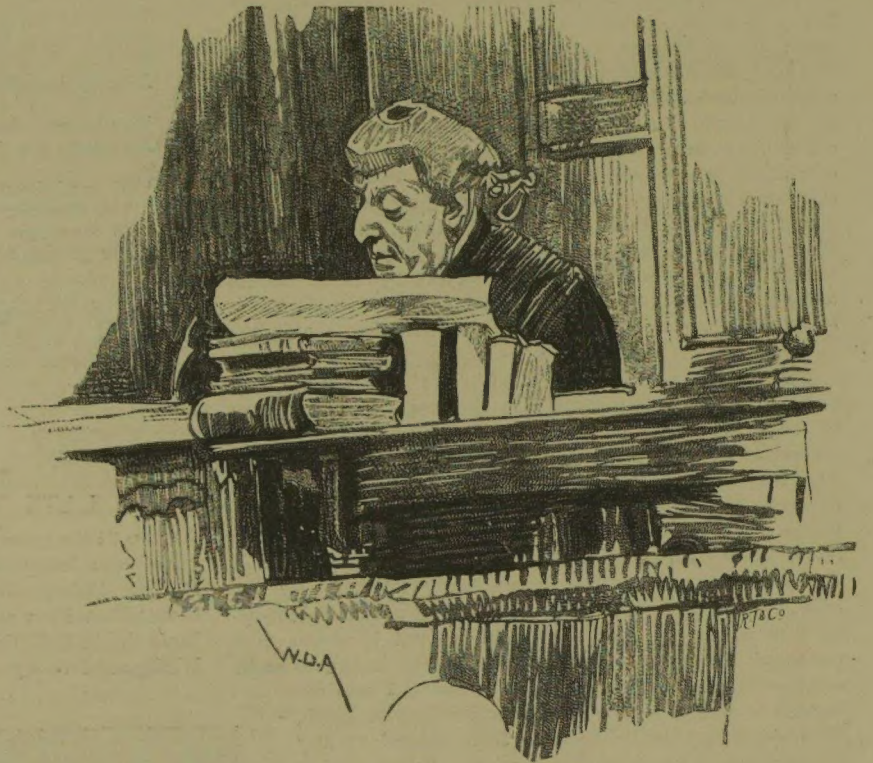
THE GREAT PEARL MYSTERY.

BY A BEWILDERED ONLOOKER.

Since Wilkie Collins wrote "The Moonstone," I do not remember any story so mysterious as that of Mrs. Hargreave's jewels. The diamond in Collins's novel was stolen by an elderly gentleman who had enjoyed the repute of a philanthropist, and I vividly recall the emotion with which I found him in the last chapter, in a very low quarter of London, disguised in a wig, and murdered by the Oriental detectives who had been on his trail. This memory has been strong upon me during the last few days. As the great Pearl Puzzle unfolded

he had thoughtfully provided himself, Mr. Engelhart was further informed that this was very like the lady in question. Proceeding to the bank, he found that the cheque had been cashed in gold, that the unknown had gone off with the money in a canvas bag, which she appears to have carried with the utmost grace and composure, and that the photographs of Miss Elliott suggested to the clerks the general appearance of the fair filibuster, who wore a Newmarket coat and cape and a broad-leaved hat.

It was here, I think, that I first caught the usher's eye. "Why in the name of wonder," said his pathetic glance, "did this damsel, whoever she was, wait four days before getting the money? Was such a thief, if she was a thief, ever heard of? What is to become of the good old regulations of criminal practice, if this extraordinary episode is to be a precedent?" I could not give the usher any comfort, and he turned away to dry that furtive tear. Payment of the crossed cheque was naturally refused by the bank, but why the delay of four days? But this embarrassment in the narrative is comparatively trivial. Mr. Engelhart, far from his coaches, found himself in even more surprising difficulties. Mrs. Hargreave had refused at first to suspect her cousin, and had even written to her in the most affectionate way. But, after what Mr. Engelhart had heard from Mr. Spink and at the bank, he was impelled to communicate his painful surmise to some of Miss Elliott's relatives. Her brother had to bear the news, to Captain Osborne, to whom she was engaged. Then the charge was broken to Miss Elliott, and she demanded to



MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.

Russell an ancient conundrum as a relief from the mental strain. As it is, his lordship has been involved in some misunderstanding about a feminine garment, and has plaintively confessed his ignorance of the meaning of "oof." Even Sir Charles Russell has assumed that the word was invented a few years ago, whereas I am informed that "oofish," of which "oof" is a pleasing contraction, has been a synonym for money in Semitic circles for an indefinite period. I am grateful for this development of my education, and if these lines should meet the eye of the usher, I hope he will feel equally benefited. But of what use is a lesson in Hebrew, ancient or modern, as a clue to this puzzle of pearls? Mrs. Osborne called an array of witnesses to prove an alibi which would have warmed the heart of Mr. Weller, senior. She was said to have been in Mr. Spink's shop at a quarter-past one on the eventful day the pearls were sold, but, according to the testimony of the dressmakers, they believe her to have been among them at half-past one, and if she was or not, there must have been some remarkable whisking between Gracechurch Street and South Kensington. Some legal gentleman made the journey just to test the question of time, and Sir Edward Clarke argued that, any way, there was half-an-hour in which the spiriting with £550 in gold could have been effected. I am quite ready to believe anything, even that anyone in want of "oofish" might sit on a carpet in South Kensington, and hey, presto! find himself in the middle of the Stock Exchange. But where, oh! where, is that bag full of images of our most gracious Sovereign? This part of the transaction reminds me irresistibly of those wondrous stories in which a beneficent being to whom money was no object would say to a deferential companion, "Take this bag of gold and buy me a toothpick," or some equally trivial article. But Miss Elliott does not appear to have bought even a toothpick. If she wanted money at the time, she did not pay her bills out of that bag.

As I write, the *dénouement* is still distant; and, as if the original mystery were not enough, there has been an incomprehensible adjournment of the court owing to some inexplicable communication from some person unknown. I don't think the usher can survive this. He looked very low when he heard that the witness who is said to have seen Miss Elliott near the door of Mrs. Hargreave's room at Torquay was reported to have something wrong with her head. I am quite certain there is something wrong with my head; and this, in all the bloom of candour, is my only opinion just now about the Great Pearl Mystery.



CAPTAIN OSBORNE, HUSBAND OF THE PLAINTIFF.



MRS. HARGREAVE, THE DEFENDANT.

itself, without leading anywhere in particular, I have fancied, in a sort of dream, that I saw Sir Charles Russell and Sir Edward Clarke in the middle of the Maze at Hampton Court addressing Mr. Justice Denman perched on the steps above, and blandly informing him that they had got the culprit. But who this might be I have never had a fixed idea for five minutes together. I know that polite and attentive man, the usher of the court, has sympathised with my tribulation. I have caught his eye now and then, and it has said plainly: "My dear Sir, I feel for you. This is the most bewildering case I have ever known. Hitherto I have seen from the very beginning how the thing would end, but now, for the first time in a long and useful career, I have been completely baffled." I cannot be sure, but I am disposed to think that, after sending me this speechless message, the usher has turned away and furtively dried a tear.

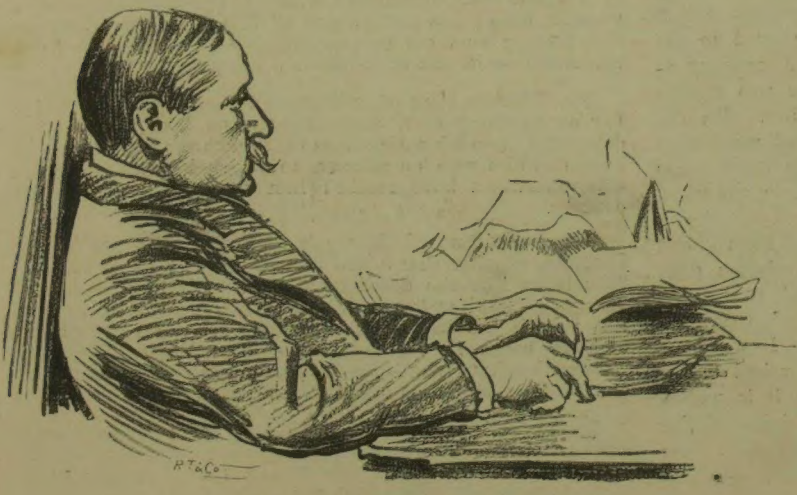
I hope our good and entertaining friends, the novelists, will have a due sense of humility when they consider this matter. Gaboriau himself might have felt abashed before such a masterly series of complications. Here are some valuable jewels in a secret drawer at Torquay, the trick of which is known only to Mrs. Hargreave, her husband, her cousin, Miss Elliott, Mr. Engelhart, a friend of the family, and the cabinet-maker. The last of these lives a blameless life, unspotted by suspicion. Major Hargreave goes to Aix to take the waters. Mr. Engelhart is attending to his affairs, possibly a four-in-hand, as he seems to dwell chiefly on coaches. Miss Elliott goes to London, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Hargreave, looking at her secret drawer, finds that the pearls have vanished. The police are consulted, and they write to Major Hargreave at Aix (probably in a spirit of humour) to ask whether he happens to have the jewels, as his wife puts it, "by mistake or otherwise." To a retired military gentleman who was dosing himself with the waters this suggestion must have been a tonic of superlative quality. Meanwhile Mr. Engelhart, tearing himself from his coaches, rushes up to town to make inquiries. With striking expedition, he lights upon a jeweller named Spink, in Gracechurch Street, and here, sure enough, are the missing gems. He learns that they were sold to Mr. Spink by a lady, for £550, on Feb. 19; that she received a crossed cheque for the amount; that she returned four days later and obtained an open cheque. Producing two or three photographs of Miss Elliott, with which



MRS. OSBORNE (MISS ETHEL ELLIOTT), THE PLAINTIFF.

he confronted with Mr. Spink and the gentlemen at the bank. She had never been in the City in her life, she said, except in the Temple, and on Feb. 19 she was not within two miles of Gracechurch Street, but was engaged in the agreeable occupation of ordering her trousseau in South Kensington. She had never possessed a Newmarket cape of the kind described, and as for the broad-leaved hat she had left it at Torquay, and wore something quite different. But Mr. Spink and his assistant, after some hesitation, identified her as the woman who sold the pearls; and the clerks at the bank, after a like coyness, did the same. Then came some family manoeuvres, and a serious disaster to Mr. Spink. He was ordered by a court of justice to restore the jewels to Mrs. Hargreave, because—such is the blessed subtlety of the law—he had bought them in a private room, and not in the open shop. Miss Elliott firmly maintained her innocence; Captain Osborne stood by her and married her, in spite of some dark hints that the marriage might be stopped by the police; and Mrs. Hargreave made the imputation on her cousin which led Mrs. Osborne to bring an action for slander.

That is the bare outline of the case, but when I begin to think of the details, I yearn to fall on the usher's neck, so that we may mingle the tears of abject bewilderment. There have been moments when I quite expected Mr. Justice Denman to ask Sir Charles



MAJOR HARGREAVE.



"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA": AN AMUSING CHRISTMAS GAME.

DRAWN BY TOM TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

The death of Sir James Risdon Bennett is a loss to the medical profession of one of its most famous men. He was



THE LATE SIR J. RISDON BENNETT.

the eldest son of James Bennett, D.D., of Nonconformist fame, and studied medicine at Edinburgh. Subsequently settling in London, he was appointed lecturer at Charing Cross Hospital, where he numbered among his pupils Professor Huxley and the late Dr. Livingstone. He gave many years of honourable service to St. Thomas's Hospital as a member of its staff, and afterwards became consulting physician and a member of the board of governors. In 1876 he was elected President of the Royal College of Physicians, and was re-elected for five years in succession. Sir Risdon Bennett published a translation of Kramer's work on the ear, a treatise on acute hydrocephalus, which gained the Fothergillian gold medal of the Medical Society in 1842, and Lumsian lectures on "Cancer and Cancerous Growths."

The Rev. John McNeill, who has been called the Scottish Spurgeon, closed his rather brief career at the Presbyterian Church, Regent Square, on Sunday, Dec. 20. Mr. McNeill, who is a preacher of considerable power and eloquence, with something of Mr. Spurgeon's gift of quaint and homely humour, has received an invitation to lecture and preach in America, and has accepted it. He has occupied the pulpit in Regent Square for three years with very great success.

Excepting Sir John Macdonald, there is probably no Canadian politician whose doings have attracted more attention outside Canada during recent years than the Hon. Honoré Mercier, whose four years of uninterrupted rule as Premier of Quebec have just terminated. Mr. Mercier is a typical French-Canadian—a devoted son of the Church, full of fiery patriotism and eloquence, fond of great political coups, and not over-careful to ask whether the means he adopts would pass muster in a country where the race for office and popular fame is less keen. This time, however, the astute leader of the French Nationalists would seem to have overstepped the limit, and his angry, insulting letter to his constitutional head, Lieutenant-Governor Angers, can hardly fail to alienate from him all lovers of honest and progressive government. Mr. Mercier is, however, still young, as statesmen go, and, despite the rumours of ill-health which his opponents so assiduously circulate, we may expect to hear much of him in the future.

The new Premier of Quebec, the Hon. Charles Eugene Boucher de Boucherville, is, as his name suggests, one of the landed aristocracy of French Canada. He claims direct descent from the Governor of Three Rivers under the old French régime, and his conservative habits of life and thought make him almost the exact opposite of Mr. Mercier. In this fact will lie his power in the present crisis, for one cannot but hope that there are many French as well as English-speaking Canadians in the province who believe the time has come for less dazzling but safer methods of administration, such, for instance, as have brought Ontario to the first place among the Canadian provinces. Mr. de Boucherville is, however, nearly seventy years of age, and, while his experience in provincial affairs is large, his activity is not what it once was. The third party in the Quebec struggle, the Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Lieutenant-Governor of the province, is a year or two older than Mr. Mercier and his equal in determination, though not, perhaps, in the finesse which forms so large a part of the armoury of a popular leader in French Canada. He has, however, seen something of political life, and it may be that his seemingly hasty dismissal of his Ministry while possessing a majority in the Legislature, and before awaiting the final judgment of the Baie des Chaleurs Railway inquiry, will prove to have been as expedient as it certainly was constitutional. One thing is certain—they need cool heads and sober judgments in Quebec just now if serious results are not to follow the present crisis.

The death of Mr. Peter Taylor removes one of the historic representatives of that school of Radicalism of which Mr. John Bright was the most striking figure. Mr. Taylor was for many years member for Leicester, and he was prominently associated with that opposition to the game laws which was a distinguishing note of the old Radical creed. He was a friend of Mazzini, a strong advocate of woman's rights, and the proprietor of the *Examiner* in days when that journal was a power in politics. Latterly Mr. Taylor was somewhat out of sympathy with the developments of the Radical party.

Mr. Thomas Hardy will not endear himself to editors by the naïve confession with which he introduces his new story "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in volume form. The bulk of the story, he tells us, appeared in one periodical, and other sections in publications "more adapted for adult reading." There can be little doubt, however, that "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is the most masterly of all Mr. Hardy's novels; indeed, its tragic force gives it an easy pre-eminence amid contemporary English fiction. Moreover, Mr. Hardy has given a decisive answer to the critics who complain that English novelists do not face the most serious problems of life with candour and capacity.

The death is announced of Sir Andrew Crombie Ramsay, the distinguished geologist. He was born in the west of Scotland, and educated at Glasgow. His first book, "The Geology of Arran," attracted the notice of Sir Henry de la Beche, and procured him a place upon the Geological Survey. In 1872 he succeeded Sir Roderick Murchison as Director-General of the Geological Survey, and in 1881 he received the honour of knighthood. His great works upon the glacial system have been translated into most European languages.

On Dec. 19, at seven o'clock, in the quiet old cloisters of the Charterhouse, in the very heart of London's rush and roar, passed quietly away John Maddison Morton, the genial author of "Box and Cox," and other once popular farces which in old days "have set" many a metropolitan theatre "in a roar." Mr. Morton, who had lived a few weeks longer would have completed his eighty-first year, has for some years enjoyed the benefits of that excellent charity the ancient hospital of Greyfriars, an institution which has, through the genius of Thackeray, a world-wide reputation, and which is never put to a better use than when it receives an honourable soldier like that author's Colonel Newcome, or one who has lived a

plameless and industrious life, such as the amiable author of perhaps the most widely known farce in the English language, who has just died there.

Lady Charlotte Schreiber, who has been presented with the freedom of the Fanmakers' Company, at an interesting function in the beautiful drawing-room of the Drapers' Hall in Throgmorton Street, in acknowledgment of "the great interest she has evinced in the success of the fan-making industry," is the only other lady besides Baroness Burdett-Coutts who is at present the recipient of such an honour. To be a "free woman" of a City company a lady must be unmarried, and it was prior to her marriage that the philanthropic Baroness was offered the freedom of both the Haberdashers' and Turners' Companies. Lady Charlotte Schreiber, who is a daughter of the ninth Earl of Lindsey, one of the ancient Kentish family of Bertie, has been twice married, but is now a widow, her first husband, Sir Josiah John Guest, having died in 1852, and her second, Colonel Schreiber, the member for Poole, in 1884.

Rehearsals of "Henry VIII.," presently to be produced with extraordinary magnificence at the Lyceum, have just commenced. Mr. Henry Irving will, of course, sustain the part of Wolsey, the one great acting part in the play. Miss Ellen Terry undertakes a somewhat older rôle than the theatre-going public are accustomed to see her in in Katharine of Arragon. Mr. Terriss, an old Lyceum favourite, will be the King; Mr. Forbes Robertson, one of our most intellectual actors, Buckingham; while the small but important part of Anne Boleyn will be in the hands of a new member of the Lyceum company, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who has had an excellent theatrical training, having twice visited America with the Kendals. Miss Vanbrugh is the eldest daughter of the late Prebendary Barnes, of Exeter, a member of a well-known and honoured Devonshire family, who was a lifelong friend of General Gordon.

Samuel Gibson, believed to be the last British survivor of Waterloo belonging to the rank and file, died on Dec. 15, at the Caterham Asylum, where he had been under medical care for some years past. At the advanced age of 101, within a few days of his death, he enjoyed good spirits, and was always delighted to chat on the events connected with the memorable battle of 1815. Samuel Gibson enlisted about 1803, at Tandragee, county Armagh, as a boy, in the 27th Foot, his father



THE LATE SAMUEL GIBSON, A WATERLOO VETERAN, AGED 101 YEARS.

being at that time a private in the Monaghan Militia. Young Gibson accompanied his regiment to the Peninsula, and was afterwards present with it at Waterloo. He was discharged from the Army in 1815, after twelve years' service, on a pension of one shilling a day, which he subsequently commuted. At the request of Dr. G. Stanley Elliot, Medical Superintendent of the Caterham Asylum, the commandant of the neighbouring Guards' Depot kindly arranged to give the poor old veteran a military funeral.

Reminiscences of Waterloo have been revived by the death of the Dowager Lady de Ros. It was her father, the Duke of Richmond, who gave the historic ball at Brussels on the eve of the decisive conflict between Napoleon and Wellington; and in the controversy as to the site of the ball-room, Lady de Ros always took the keenest interest. Curiously enough, there still remains a doubt whether the building in which the ball was given is still in existence.

The widowed Duchess of Aosta's birthday occurred on Dec. 20. Spending most of the year with her mother, Princess Clotilde, Princess Lætetia Bonaparte is seldom seen by the Italian or French people, among whom, however, she is popular. Rumours of her approaching re-marriage are rife, and an Austrian Grand Duke is being designated as the bridegroom-elect. The Duchess of Aosta is only twenty-five years of age, and is said to resemble extremely Napoleon the First's sister Pauline. She is tall and fair, with blue eyes, and small hands and feet. Her marriage to her uncle, the ex-King of Spain, aroused considerable comment. She was Prince Jérôme's favourite child, and is on good terms with both her brothers. The King of Italy allows Princess Lætetia £8000 a year. She spends most of her time riding and walking round Moncalieri. Like her mother, she is very pious, and never does anything without asking the Pope's personal advice. Her little son strongly resembles the portraits of the infant King of Rome, Napoleon the First's ill-fated son.

Herr Sudermann, the rising young German dramatist, may be styled the Prussian Scribe. He is very popular in Berlin society, and is said to be one of the most brilliant talkers in Germany. Author of "Honour," a play which had a great vogue a short time ago, he excels in painting modern German high life. He is about thirty-two years of age, and is reported to make a considerably larger income than others of his literary brethren.

MUSIC.

It is announced that the Queen has commanded a performance of Peter Cornelius's comic opera "The Barber of Bagdad," to be given at Windsor Castle on her Majesty's return from Osborne early in February. It is generally understood that the Queen has decided to have this performance given at the instance of the Prince of Wales, who was greatly pleased with the opera when he heard it at the Savoy. His Royal Highness is naturally glad, too, of the opportunity to secure a direct act of royal patronage from the most exalted sources for the flourishing musical institution with which he is so intimately connected. By the way, the Duke of Edinburgh remained in town expressly to attend the second representation of "The Barber" at the Savoy on Wednesday, Dec. 16, when a large audience was again present.

On the afternoon just mentioned the "operatic class" of the Guildhall School of Music made its public début at the Shaftesbury Theatre, in Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." Here, in the natural course of things, civic took the place of royal support, the Lord Mayor, with the sheriffs, coming westward for the express purpose of witnessing this new departure in the history of the overgrown Academy which the Corporation proudly calls its own. The theatre was crowded in every part, and, whatever may be said as to the wisdom of selecting an opera of the type of Balfe's evergreen masterpiece for such a purpose as this, the result clearly proved the attractiveness of the choice in the eyes of the students and their friends. The efforts of the young people met with abundant appreciation, and certainly they acquitted themselves on the whole with sufficient merit to warrant the encouragement they received. More than this we shall hardly be expected to say. Another time, when a less threadbare theme is chosen, we may be tempted to individualise. For the present, enough that there seems to be promising operatic material among the Guildhall "4000," and that, bar a tendency to perpetuate the encore system, the class is being very well trained.

A pretty little one-act operetta, entitled "He Stoops to Win," written by Messrs. Wilfred Bendall and Cunningham Bridgman, was produced by those gentlemen at a matinée given at the Lyric Club on Tuesday, Dec. 15. The plot deals with the adventures of a youthful lover, who disguises himself as a valet in order to introduce himself into the house where his fair one resides—not exactly a new idea, but one which lends itself effectively enough to smart action, bright dialogues, and clever lyrics. Author and composer alike have made the most of their subject, and furnished between them a merry forty minutes' entertainment. The four characters were in the hands of Mr. Wallace Brownlow, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Miss Rosina Brandram, and Miss Decima Moore, who, it is scarcely necessary to add, rattled through the operetta with delightful spirit, and did entire justice to Mr. Bendall's tuneful music.

The performance of Mozart's "Requiem," given by the Bach Choir at its opening concert of the season, on Dec. 15, came as a somewhat belated tribute to the master's memory, so far as it was associated with the recent centenary; but it was welcome, nevertheless, as evidence that a really faultless rendering of the work was not altogether impossible in central London. The choruses were very beautifully sung, and no better solo quartet could have been desired than Mrs. Henschel, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Houghton, and Mr. Plunket Greene. Perhaps the chief interest of the concert centred in the performance of the Grail Scene from the first act of "Parsifal." This attracted a number of Wagnerian enthusiasts, who never miss a chance of listening to excerpts from the composer's later scores, even under concert conditions. They cannot, however, have been particularly well satisfied in the present instance. There was a decided want of balance about the execution generally, and Professor Stanford's endeavours to secure smoothness and refinement were by no means invariably successful. The bells were much too loud. Mr. Henschel gave a magnificent delivery of the protest of Amfortas, Mr. Plunket Greene was impressively dignified in the utterances of Gurneman and Titirel, and Mr. Houghton (a rising young tenor) gave with good effect the one or two passages here allotted to Parsifal.

Dr. A. C. Mackenzie is gone to Florence to spend the Christmas holidays. He will probably be away six weeks altogether, and during that time hopes to make good progress with his new sacred cantata for next year's Gloucester Festival. Before leaving, Dr. Mackenzie conducted the last Royal Academy concert of the term at St. James's Hall on Dec. 18. The programme included a choral ode by Raff, with orchestral and pianoforte accompaniment, called "Die Tageszeiten," and a violin concerto in A minor by Goldmark, both new compositions to London audiences. The concerto was ably performed by Mr. Philip Cathie, a pupil of M. Saurer. Another novelty—two movements from a *suite de ballet*, entitled "Rameses II"—from the pen of Mr. Granville Bantock, a student, won decided favour. Among the most promising executants we may name Miss Ethel Burns (pianist and violinist), Mr. Herbert Walenn (violinist), and Mr. Samuel Heath (baritone vocalist).

The Strolling Players Amateur Orchestra Society gave their first concert of the season at St. James's Hall on Dec. 19, before a large and fashionable assembly of subscribers and friends. Included in an interesting but rather lengthy programme were Mr. Ebenezer Prout's symphony in F, No. 3, and a suite, consisting of five numbers, arranged from M. Wormser's charming music to "L'Enfant Prodiges." Both works were executed with spirit by the orchestra, under its able conductor, Mr. Norfolk Megone; but the suite was a disappointment. Miss Kate Chaplin played a violin solo, and Mrs. Helen Trust and Miss Marian Mackenzie sang.

Messrs. Gilbert and Cellier's new comic opera, "The Mountebanks," will not be produced at the Lyric Theatre until Tuesday, Dec. 29. This postponement was rendered essential by the indisposition of Mr. Cellier, who found himself unable to complete the finishing touches and write the overture to his opera in time for the earlier date that had been fixed. Every department of the *mise en scène* is quite ready.

We have received from Messrs. Chappell and Co. "Four Songs" by Lady Borthwick, published together, price four shillings net. The principal charm of these lyrics—for charm they unquestionably possess, and that in no mean degree—lies in their truthful expression and their symmetrical form. Lady Borthwick has sought to convey in simple, delicately harmonised melodies the poetic meaning of the lines she has chosen for musical illustration, ever heightening their effect by the aid of graceful and appropriate accompaniments. Perhaps the best number is the "Ständchen," which has a highly effective violin obbligato; but the setting of Matthew Arnold's "Strew on her roses" is scarcely less beautiful, and, indeed, all four songs are well worth the attention of amateurs.

THE STORY OF THE ABERDEEN BELLS.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWES, M.A.

It is not too much to say that the *Illustrated London News* has saved the Aberdeen bells. As I pointed out several weeks ago, the magnificent carillon of thirty Belgian bells, by Severin van Aerschoot, ranging from some tons to some pounds in weight, was in eminent danger of being dismembered. As a start off, an old carillonneur had been got over, who reduced the blow of the hammer to a feeble tinkle, so as to require less exertion. Then the citizens were entirely unused to carillon music at all, and demanded an accuracy of tune unknown to carillon suites. Result, double disgust at the supposed feeble and discordant bells! But the Aberdeeners were not to be beaten, and, with the valiant Bailie Lyon and Councillor Simpson at their head, dispatched a deputation to me in London on behalf of the Town Council of Aberdeen. Then on they went to Belgium, to engage M. Denyn, of Mechlin, the most eminent carillonneur living. M. Michaels, of Mechlin, Belgian carillon mechanician—the one to readjust the bell-hammers so as to get a full tone, the other to show what carillon-au-clavecin music really meant; and now for a whole week Aberdeen has been *en fête*: splendid carillon performances daily roll down from the tower of St. Nicholas, and make music which is heard far away at the docks and even out at sea; crowds of Aberdeeners assemble in the streets to listen to this novel and colossal form of music. When I saw the churchyard thronged on Friday and all the streets around the church crowded far into the night, after my lecture in the Townhall, and heard and saw M. Denyn valiantly mastering his tremendous team up in the tower—what time an elephantine gallop or the long drawn-out sweetness of the "Blue Bells" rushed and floated alternately over the city, why, I could hardly believe my ears.

When, in 1879, I stood before the Royal Institution, the first advocate of Belgian bells in England, and looked forward to the time when some large English town would have the public spirit to fit up some noble belfry with a suite of carillon bells cast in Belgium, little did I think that my dream would be realised at Aberdeen on so magnificent a scale in 1891. But prophecies have a way of fulfilling themselves, and the thing has been done. It is true I am responsible for the Aberdeen bells—by my advice they were cast at Louvain—but I had not heard them; and, hearing of the disappointment at Aberdeen—it was with some anxiety, perhaps nervousness, that I accepted the Town Council's invitation (although it had been made at my own suggestion) to go up and explain to the Aberdeeners in the Townhall what they had a right to expect, why they had been disappointed, and how their legitimate demands might be realised. Let me at once say I was received by the Lord Provost and the Town Council in conclave with open-minded candour and the most courteous indulgence, but directly I heard the experimental performance I felt the battle was won. There was nothing now but to get the bells played often enough, and to get the people to understand what to expect and how to listen. All talk of feeble "tinkle tankle" was at an end; the volume of sound was splendid. Of course, a treble bell has not the body of a bass bell, any more than the top notes of the pianoforte; the carillon is a delicate, though colossal, musical instrument of thirty or forty notes, and not merely a peal of twelve big bells. The out-of-tune *cres* is more difficult to deal with. The difficulty of tuning two octaves together is great, and with three octaves it is greater. All carillon suites are, and can be, from the nature of the vehicle, but approximately in tune; the pianoforte or violin standard must no more be looked for in a carillon than the refinements of a miniature in a stage-painter's work. Carillon music has its own specialty, and just as the violin is better in tune than any organ; but the organ has emotional qualities unattainable by the violin, so the organ is better in tune than the carillon, although the carillon has emotional specialties unattainable by any other instrument or instruments, the orchestra not excepted. It is just this carillon specialty of sound to which we English are entirely unused. Each bell, in addition to its note, generates an immense volume of related sounds when all the bells are going. We thus have a mighty ocean of sound, on the surface of which float certain vague and dreamy fundamental notes, picking out a tune and its harmonies. The whole of the human nervous system is flooded and thrilled by and bathed in this sound-ocean, to begin with—that is the specialty, and the listening ear learns soon to discern in a kind of sound-mirage the ghostly murmurs—hollow, resonant, and dream-like suggestions of well-known tunes and haunting harmonies. Time and habit, as well as an average musical sensibility, are, no doubt, required to hear the carillon aright. After a bit we get hypnotised by the sound-ocean, and we accept the weird suggestion of melodies and harmonies without feeling that exact tune is essential. It is quite conceivable that many musicians may not care about the specialty of carillon music, and they are entitled to their opinion; and many who know just enough about music to say the bells are not in tune will make short work with the best carillon. But let them not speak for others. Some people do not like Browning's poems because they seem obscure; Wagner, because he is complicated; olives are to some rapid, and pickles too pungent, while tobacco is nauseating—they have no turn for the specialty, *voilà tout*. I have heard people denounce Turner's pictures as indistinct and Turner's incidental figure-drawing as inaccurate and blotchy. Well, what Turner's colour-atmosphere is to painting, that the carillon sound-ocean is to music; while, as a point of fact, a blotchy fisherman or an elongated milkmaid no more destroys the value of a Turner than does a note not in accurate tune, floating in the sound-ocean, destroy the value of carillon music—the effect and value of the things in question depend upon so many other qualities besides in the one case accurate anatomy, and in the other case accurate tune.

I had a word to say about the Duke of Westminster's Belgian carillon at Eaton Hall—an obvious failure, due to perfectly removable causes—and the Cattistock bells, which still wait for a keyboard and even a barrel; but I have outrun my space. Let me say, in conclusion, that never again, as I have done in "Music and Morals," shall I recommend English mechanism for Belgian bells. Mr. Taylor, of Loughborough, perhaps the most eminent bellfounder in England, feels this so strongly that he has just sent over to Mechlin and got M. Michaels to make him a barrel. I am glad that Mr. Taylor agrees with me also about the Aberdeen bells. He has inspected them, and declares that they are about as fine as they can be. The pluck and enterprise of the Aberdeen Town Council, in the teeth of some opposition, is beyond praise. Let them now get without delay a well-arranged barrel to play tunes at the hour. This will be the best education for the people in carillon music, and prepare them to appreciate a carillonneur when they get the chance.

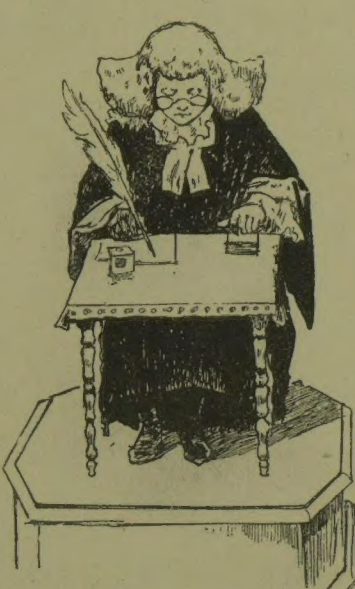
THE "TRUTH" TOYS.



IN THE DOLLS' HALL.

The annual Christmas exhibition of toys and dolls contributed by kind ladies, at the invitation of the proprietor and editor of *Truth*, a well-known Society journal, to be distributed among poor children at the London hospitals and similar institutions,

with much taste and ingenuity, and was beautifully made, the richest silk, satin, or velvet being often used for materials. The great hall was chiefly occupied by the different kinds of children's toys, in which figures and groups of animals, some made capable of mechanical motions or the emission of sounds resembling those of life, constituted a spectacle worthy of attentive study. Models of houses, farmyards and stables, shops, playgrounds, armies and military camps, railways, carriages, and steam-ships, not forgetting Noah's Ark, were displayed in satisfactory completeness: indeed, most of the toys were too good, as artificial products, leaving too little exercise for the childish imagination in the way of "make-believe." But this seems to be a besetting tendency of all fancy work, artistic, theatrical, or literary, in the present age.



THE OLD JUDGE.



A YOUNG PEASANT.



HARDANGER WOMAN.



LA TOSCA.

has taken place as usual, but was held this time at the Polytechnic, in Upper Regent Street. The collection of dolls, arranged in the large tank constructed for a swimming-bath, was remarkable for the variety and artistic fancy of its costumed figures, some of which were of larger size than had been hitherto seen, as big as most of the real living children who will be delighted with them. Their attire, either of fashionable modern patterns or representing the dress of romantic past ages, foreign nations, pastoral and rustic peasantry, and notable persons in history or in tales of fiction, was designed



DECORATING THE PULPIT.

BY MARCELLA WALKER.

"COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE."

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

Author of "God and the Man," "The Shadow of the Sword," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CATHERINE.

O frail Love! O pale Love! O Love once bright and warm,
You crouch beneath my cottage porch and watch the weary storm,
The rain beats on your naked breast and soaks your wings of gold,
And like a mortal child you droop, and shiver in the cold.
O pale Love! O frail Love! what is that ye see
Out in the night? A bridal wreath or funeral flowers for me?
I wait and weary here within, and hear you stir out there,
Yet fear to open the door and hear the message that you bear.

Songs of the Fells.

"Miss Catherine!" cried the Shepherd, startled by the sudden apparition, while George raised his head in amazement, and the Gaffer trembled as if his last hour had come.

Pallid and breathless, with the raindrops streaming down her face, and her great eyes full of strange light, the mistress of the farm looked as if she had come upon some terrible errand. At a glance, she noted the agony of the young man, but the look she cast upon him was without tenderness or pity; then she gazed at the Gaffer, and her face grew harder still.

"Nowt has happened, Miss Catherine?" asked Jasper, while she paused upon the threshold.

She shook her head, closed the door, and walked slowly into the room. As she came nearer, the Gaffer shrunk up in his chair, thinking, "She knows everything, and I'm a lost man." But suddenly, to the astonishment of all present, she forced a laugh, and throwing off her dripping cloak, looked wildly from one to another.

"Did you take me for a ghost?" she said. "Nothing has happened; nothing is going to happen! Only I came over to have a talk with George!"

At the mention of his name, the young man rose to his feet and passed his hand across his face, while the Shepherd, approaching Catherine, touched her lightly on the arm.

"What is it, Miss Catherine?" he said softly.

She glanced at him and laughed again, this time very nervously, but made no reply. Meantime the Gaffer had risen too; and was waiting the issue with an air in which dread of consequences and obsequiousness were curiously blent.

Then suddenly, with a wild flying flicker, the candle went out, and the room was completely dark.

The darkness gave Catherine courage, and she spoke again.

"I sent for you, George. Why did you not come?"

No answer.

"Can't ye speak, you?" snarled the Gaffer, shuffling across the room and stumbling as he went; but still not a word. In the dead silence that ensued they could hear the Gaffer groping in the cupboard for another candle, which he lighted as he held in his hand, and then, returning to the table, stuck it into the warm socket of the old candlestick. Then, in the dim light, they saw Catherine still standing erect and pale.

"A fine welcome," she said, in a low voice that betrayed increasing agitation. "Is the man dumb? Well, I came here to talk to him, and talk to him I will!" and, so saying, she sat down in the chair vacated by Jasper.

"That's right, that's right!" piped old Kingsley, trembling like a leaf. "You're kindly welcome, Miss Catherine, and my son Jarge!"

She interrupted him instantly, with a wave of the hand and a flash of her scornful eyes.

"What I've got to say must be said to neither you nor to any man but George alone. Leave us together! Leave us, d'ye hear! for if you speak another word to me I shall go as I came."

The Gaffer gasped and clutched the table, while George stepped forward and spoke for the first time.

"What do you wish to say to me?" he asked.

"I'll tell you that when we're alone," she answered. "Jasper, get you gone!—you're not wanted here; and as for you" (again she looked at the Gaffer) "out of sight and out of hearing, if you please!"

The Gaffer hesitating, Jasper gripped him by the arm.

"Hereaway wi' me," he said, and he drew the old man to the door, pushed him before him, and followed him into the darkness of the storm.

A long pause ensued. George waited, his face set hard in pain, while Catherine, her eyes fixed upon the floor, fought as if for breath, her colour coming and going, her right hand raised from time to time to her parched lips.

At last she spoke.

"There's been trouble enough between us all, and I want to set it right. It's not for your sake or mine I've come here, but for Bridget's; my back's strong enough to bear its load, and so, perhaps, is yours. And don't think I'm hard or angry—that's all over now; but at first—at first—I hated you

a moment that Catherine had no suspicion of the truth. His first thought, upon her sudden appearance, had been that she had learned everything, and her manner to his father had confirmed that impression; but now it was obvious that he had been mistaken.

"What are you saying?" he exclaimed. "No such cruel thoughts ever entered my head. I knew that you loved Bridget. I knew!"

"Don't lie to me!" she cried. "Don't make bad worse, and shame me more and more! You cursed my house—you swore never again to come beneath my roof—that you were sick and shamed to come there, after what I'd thought and done."

"Who has told you this?" asked George, with increasing consternation. "You needn't answer, for I know—it was Geoffrey. Yes, I did say that—I did say that after what had happened I could not come again; but I meant—I meant—Oh, don't ask me what I meant, but I swear before God that I was thinking no evil of you! Geoffrey mistook me—the curse

I called was not on your roof, but mine! The hand that parted us was not yours, Catherine, but another's—and—and"

As he hesitated in horror, there was a cry and a struggle at the door, and a figure, wild and rain-bedraggled, tottered into the room. It was the Gaffer, holding out his hand, and moaning in despair—

"Hold your tongue Jarge! Hold your tongue! Don't 'ee lie agin your father! agin your own flesh and blood!"

How find a simile to describe the miserable old man, now rendered half mad with shame and dread. Like a raven half drowned, with dank and ruffled plumage, or like an animated scarecrow after a long day of rain, or like anything else hideous and degraded and woebegone, stood the Gaffer, shivering and mumbling and croaking in a very agony of despair. Catherine looked at him, looked at George, looked back again at the Gaffer. Then all the truth dawned on her, or rather struck her like a blow.

She sprang to her feet and clutched the Gaffer by the arm; he recoiled and cowered.

"My God!" she cried. "Then it was you! you!"

And upon the very words, and the horrified gesture which accompanied them, the Gaffer collapsed like a house of cards, tumbled incontinently on the floor, and, looking up thence with imploring little eyes, seemed to await his doom.

Catherine turned to George.

"And you knew it?" she demanded.

Without speaking, George bowed his head. It was now Catherine's turn to collapse; with a sharp cry of horror she fell back, but George caught her and placed her gently in a chair. Then, as she lay there half swooning, Jasper the Shepherd entered, and, kneeling by her, while George bent over her, took her by the hand.

"Don't 'ee grieve, Miss Catherine!" he said tenderly. "It be all for the best, and 'tis well ye know: soon or late 'twas bound to come out, for evil things they rot and fill the wholesome

air. 'Twas from me that old Cain got the poison-stuff—he swore 'twas to kill a poor hound—but 'twas thy sister Bridget he thought to kill! Ay, and he would ha' killed her, me not by!"

"I understand," moaned Catherine, shuddering. "I understand!" And strangely enough, as her senses gathered the truth in all its fullness, relief came to her, and her tears began to flow. Hideous as it all was, it was less terrible to her than the thought that George had thought her so infinitely base. She wept and wept now, like a child.

Meantime, the Gaffer, gathering his old bones together, crawled into a corner, rose, and stood peering wildly at the group; then, in a new access of terror, he groped his way to the door, where he paused again, his lean limbs giving way beneath him, and clung desperately struggling to the latch; finally, with a feeble croak, he plunged out into the darkness and disappeared.

"Let him go!" muttered Jasper. "The rain'll help wash the smut off his wretched soul! Look up, Miss



"You're better than pretty, Catherine—you're beautiful as a summer day!"

and yours with a bitter hate, and thought that forgiveness would never come."

She had got thus far, when her smothered emotion almost mastered her, and she paused, as if choking, her eyes dim with tears.

"Don't say another word!" cried George.

"Nay, you shall hear me out!" she said, conquering herself in a moment. "You've got to hear me, George Kingsley, and take back the evil things you've thought and said of me. I've humbled myself in coming here, but I'll humble myself more if you like, for Bridget's sake. I've brought you a message from her—will you hear it?"

"If you wish it, Catherine."

"It's not what I wish or you wish," she answered almost fiercely, "but what is right and just before God. You thought I wanted to part you—you thought (God forgive you!) that I hated my sister enough to wish her dead—more than that, enough to take her life!"

George stood thunderstruck, for it became clear to him in

Catherine. Ye know now why this poor lad was too shamed and heartbroken to face you and yourn. Tell him you forgive him, Missie, tell him that!"

With a heavy sigh, Catherine reached up her hand and placed it for a moment in that of George, then, shuddering again, she struggled to her feet.

"I'll go home now," she said in a low voice. "Come, Jasper!"

"Nay, nay," said the Shepherd. "There be more yet to say and do. Don't 'ee think o' you old man, but of the poor wench as suffer'd so sore through his misdeeds."

But here George broke in firmly but decisively—

"Catherine is right," he said. "She knows well that I must suffer for my father's sin. He is my father, 'spite of all, and the stain on him is a stain on me. I'll only ask Catherine one last favour—to hold her peace and to spare the old man for my sake."

"I'll do that, George," she answered. "Bridget must never know."

"Don't 'ee count on that," said the Shepherd. "Maybe the little one has a guess already; for how could she be off guessing, know how it all happened, and how as the Gaffer gave her the stuff to drink? She knows, Miss Catherine, but she's been silent for George's sake!"

This was a new light on the situation, and a keen one. Without replying, Catherine turned from the two men and crossed to the window, looking out into the darkness of the night. She stood thus for some time, her face unseen, thinking it all over. Minute by minute she grew more resolved and strong; and at last, when she turned and spoke, her face was calm, and all traces of pain seemed gone.

"George," she said, holding out her hand.

"Yes, Catherine," he answered, taking her hand in his.

Then, gently drawing her hand away, she continued—

"You must hear Bridget's message now. It's this—that she loves you still with her whole heart, and begs that you will come to her and be friends once more."

This speech was a little sophistical, for poor Bridget had said nothing of the kind in words. Catherine, indeed, was only interpreting her sister's will and wish, which she knew so well.

"I believe that Jasper has spoken the truth," she continued, while George stood silent in despair. "Bridget guesses everything, but nothing can change her heart. Only one man can comfort her and make her happy, and that's the man she has loved from the beginning. Promise to come to her—promise to make her your wife."

"My wife!" cried George. "After what has passed! After my father!"

"Your father's guilt is not yours," replied Catherine. "The curse he thought to bring you may become a blessing. And after all the Gaffer's more like a madman than a sane Christian soul, and maybe all this will melt his heart and change him before he goes to face his Maker. So listen, George! I've told you one errand that brought me here to-night, but there's another. When Bridget and you marry, it will be share and share alike with her and me. I always meant it so. She'll have half my money and half my land to set up housekeeping, and if you do as I've said, why, then, I'll throw my blessing in!"

As she ended, her face wore the ghost of its old smile, and she held out her hand again.

Half an hour later, Catherine walked slowly home, escorted by the old Shepherd.

The rain still fell fitfully, but the wind had risen to half a south-west gale, and through the driving clouds appeared the waning moon. For the first time after many days, Catherine felt at peace with herself and with the world. The knowledge that George had never misunderstood or despised her, added to the consciousness of her own supreme self-sacrifice, brought a sense of rest, sad yet happy, like that we feel after we have stood by a holy deathbed and witnessed the passing away of some beautiful soul.

And the deathbed by which this woman had stood was that of her own love, her first love, and perchance her last. She knew now that it was all over, that the love she mourned would never arise again, that nighttime and daytime it would be something to remember with solemn tears. It was dead, quite dead. The earth would close over it, and the grass and flowers would cover it, and Bridget and George would stand above it, as above a quiet grave.

All the stormy passion had ebbed from her heart; she even wondered now that it had ever flowed there. As she had looked into George's face that night, and held his hand, she had felt no tremor of the old yearning. He seemed to her only her sister's lover and future husband, that was all. Had there been no Bridget to stand between them, she could have parted from him without a sigh. As she gazed up to the moon, and thought of the madness that had passed, she felt that she was not only purified but heart-whole.

She had settled it all with George Kingsley. He had sworn, if the shame of his father's crime could be hidden, and if Bridget's heart was unchanged, to become her husband. Not without a struggle had he yielded to his own happiness, but, conquered by Catherine's magnanimity, he had given his assent.

Through the dark lanes they walked on, until they came close to the farm where Bridget lay asleep. Then Jasper, parting with his mistress, bent his head before her as before some holy woman.

"God has strengthen'd 'ee, Miss Catherine," he said gently. "He's taught 'ee His own charm to bring forgetfulness. May His blessing rest for ever on you and yourn."

And he left her at the threshold, with a solemn "Good-night!"

It was close on midnight as she entered the kitchen, where a lamp was dimly burning. A figure, seated in the ingle, looked up as she closed the door behind her.

"Geoffrey!" she exclaimed, recognising him. "What brings you here at this hour?"

"I was waiting for you," was the reply. "I found the door open and the light burning, and I knew you were not a-bed."

She took off her damp cloak and hung it up, as he continued—

"'Tis no weather for you to be wandering out so late. I doubt you're wet through."

"I'd business out yonder with George Kingsley and his father. I found Jasper there, and he brought me home. 'Tis all settled now—George and Bridget are to be man and wife."

She spoke lightly and with an assumption of content, but she was nervous before the eyes which she knew were fixed wonderingly upon her. She remembered, too, the events of that day and the part which Geoffrey had taken in them.

Geoffrey rose with a sigh, not daring to question her as to what had occurred.

"I'll go, now I've seen you safe; 'tis late, and you must be tired out."

"Nay, I'm not sleepy," she answered, smiling. "Sit down a bit if you've a mind."

And she drew up a chair and sat down herself. Geoffrey, however, remained standing, his back to the ingle, looking down upon her.

Then, partly to relieve her own embarrassment, she told him how she had made it all up with the Kingsleys, and had promised to dower her sister with half she possessed. Not a word did she speak of the dreadful secret, or of the scene which had taken place at the Warren Farm; she thought all that was sacred, even from Geoffrey.

He listened quietly, nodding approval of all her plans, asking no questions, expressing no doubts or misgivings. His heart was too full of its own yearning: he was too happy in the presence of the woman who was all his world. But when she had finished, he said, in a low voice, not looking into her face—

"I was sure it would end so, Catherine, for I knew you better than you knew yourself. But when Bridget weds George, and takes half the money and half the land, what will become of you? Will you bide here still on the old farm, or go and dwell with them?"

"I've never thought of that," she answered. "But no, man and wife are best alone! Maybe—no," she added, with a forced laugh, "I shall stay here as before, and farm the land, with you for my right-hand man."

Geoffrey sighed and shook his head.

"I fear that can't be. It's been on my mind for many a day to say what I came to say to-night. I must leave the farm and find another home—maybe, over seas."

"Leave the farm!" she echoed. "Leave me now, when I most want a friend! You'll never do that, Geoffrey?"

"I must," he said; "I think I should go mad if I stayed here!"

And with these words all the long pent-up passion of his soul broke loose; his voice trembled, his eyes grew dim, and his limbs shook beneath him. Startled by the change in his tone, she looked up and saw that his face was contracted as if with mental pain.

"What ails you, Geoffrey? Are you ill?"

It was a foolish question, for she knew as well as he what ailed him. Ever since her meeting with Jasper on the Weald she had known it, and had often thought it over to herself. Her own great sufferings, also, helped her to understand those of the man who all his life had been devoted to her—so that when, after a pause, he spoke again, her heart responded sadly to every word—

"Don't think, Catherine, that I want to add one straw to the heavy load you've had to bear. I'm your friend still, your faithful friend till death; but I built too much on my own strength, and now I feel that I'm only a coward, who must run away. You know why, Catherine—you must know why! You cannot have been so blind for all these years! I'm a fool for my pains, I know, but I've loved you all my life!"

He paused, and she was silent. Then he went on—

"It was like death to me to see you taking your love to another man; yet, God knows, if it could have been I'd have placed you in that man's arms and been your friend and brother still!"

"I know that, Geoffrey," she answered, touched to the soul by his devotion.

"And when I saw your death-struggle, so like my own, I prayed God to comfort you, to bring you peace. Well, the Lord has heard my prayer—you've done by your flesh and blood as I'd have done by you. But what I've borne once, I shall never be able to bear again. Another man will come—another man will be to you what George was once—and so, after all, 'tis better I should go."

"Geoffrey!" she cried, holding out her hand.

"Yes, Catherine."

"I shall never play the fool again—I'm cured for ever of all that. Don't leave me! stay with me! I've no friend in all the world but you!"

He bent over her, took her hand, and kissed it tenderly; while, turning her face away, she wept in silence.

It was indeed as she had said: in all the world she had but one friend, and he was by her side; but the deadness of the old passion was too heavy on her soul for her to think of love. Geoffrey was her brother, nothing more.

Still holding her hands in his, he spoke again—

"And there's another thing, Catherine—I can't bear to see you suffer. I know well that you can never care for any other man as you have cared for George; for 'tis my own heart tells me—love like that never comes twice in a lifetime. And I'm not so mean and far-gone as to think that you could ever care for me. I should never have asked that! To remain by your side, to watch over you, to be your servant, would have been enough, so long as no other came to win what I could never hope to gain."

"Let it be like that, then!" she cried eagerly. "Never, never, never shall I care for any other! Ah, you needn't be afraid!"

He drew his hand away, and placed it softly on the head that was bowed before him.

"There's more sorts of love than one, maybe," he said. "It isn't in Nature that you should live alone, and another sort of love will come. God never made one so pretty to live without love at all!"

So pretty! Had any other man spoken the word, she would have thought he mocked her. Even from Geoffrey the epithet seemed strange and far-fetched.

"Nay, nay, Geoffrey," she said, with a faint hysterical laugh; "I'm none of your pretty ones. All the world knows I'm coarse and common—the stuff that old maids are fashioned of."

His hand moved softly over her hair, with a touch of benediction.

"You're better than pretty, Catherine—you're beautiful as a summer day!"

She turned, still laughing, and looked into his eyes. What a depth of passionate tenderness was there! Yes, it was true; he was in earnest. In his eyes, at least, she was beautiful and fair—something to bend down to and to worship. It was a new experience to be so loved, and it brought with it a wondering pleasure. The warm blood mantled her cheeks under that ardent gaze.

"Promise to stay!" she murmured. "Give me time—some day, perhaps—some day!"

His answer was to take her face between his two strong hands, and to kiss her gently on the forehead.

"I'll do as you bid me," he said. "God bless you, Catherine!"

And he walked out into the night, happier than he had ever been, or had hoped to be.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HOME-COMING OF LOVERS.

O bright Love! O white Love! still beauteous and divine;
You've waited for the night to pass and for the dawn to shine,
But now you lift the latch and look with merry face on me,
While all the birds begin to sing their morning melody.
O fair Love! O rare Love! the light of morning grows;
There's golden rain on leafy boughs and dew upon the rose;
The Earth is smiling thro' her tears on every living thing,
And I am laughing like a child to hear the news you bring.

Songs of the Fells.

Left alone in the farm, George Kingsley sat pondering for a long time over the events of that night. Although he had

yielded to Catherine's entreaties, and had promised to see Bridget the next day, his heart was still troubled, and he still felt the bitter sense of shame. Hours passed by, and he still sat brooding over the future and the past. Then, when it was long past midnight, he remembered the lateness of the hour, and realised that his father had not returned.

He walked to the door and looked out.

The wind was higher than ever, but the rain was still falling; cloud after cloud, as it passed over the moon, melted into faint luminous film and fell in feeble showers.

What could keep the old man? Where could he be wandering or hiding? He was, as a rule, one who went to bed betimes, and rose with the lark; and to be still abroad at such an hour and in such weather was indeed a new and wild departure.

After all, he was George's father, and not even a crime so horrible as that which he had contemplated could dissolve the bond of flesh and blood. Amid all the young man's loathing had arisen a subtle sense of pity; for, indeed, the Gaffer's agony and terror had been accompanied with such strange manifestations of both mental and physical disturbance that even a harder heart than George's might have been touched.

Perhaps he was hiding in some of the out-buildings? To ascertain if this were the case, George walked round, and called his father again and again by name. No voice responded.

Growing more and more uneasy every moment, he wandered on towards the cony-haunted fields which surrounded the house and gave it its name. The wind howled and the rain fell, with intervals of dim moonlight and total darkness. The young man's terror deepened. He was convinced now that some accident must have happened.

"Father, are you there?" he cried again and again into the darkness.

Walking rapidly this way and that, uncertain which direction to take, he came upon the stagnant pond into which the Gaffer, after his interview with Jasper, had cast the fatal phial, and as he was turning away from it, he stumbled over a human figure lying huddled up on the ground. With a terrified exclamation, he bent down, and found what he had been seeking—his father, limp and motionless as if dead.

He lifted him up, and, raising him towards the moonlight, which just then shone out clearly, saw that the face was black and distorted, the eyes glaring vacantly, the mouth covered with foam. His first thought was that the old man had expired. A breath, a faint motion of the limbs, showed that he still lived. Trembling and horror-stricken, he laid him down, knelt by him, and tried to restore him to consciousness, in vain.

Then all grew dark, and heavy rain fell. Determined to get the stricken creature to shelter as soon as possible, he raised the Gaffer in his strong arms, and staggered with him towards the house.

The load was a light one—only a little flesh and a few old bones, but he tottered beneath its weight. Fortunately he had not far to go, and before many minutes had passed he had reached the farm kitchen, and set down his load in the old armchair which the Gaffer had occupied so many years.

There lay the old man, a confused and helpless heap, more dead than living. It was clear now that he had been seized by some sort of fit. His face was drawn to one side and bloated with blood, his arms and limbs hung limply, and his eyeballs did not contract in the light of the candle.

Searching in the cupboard, George found some brandy, kept in an old physic bottle as a precious "medicine"; and with this he moistened the lifeless lips, managing at the same time to pour a little down the throat. The Gaffer still remained unconscious, but his breathing became heavier and more perceptible.

At his wits' end what to do next, George finally decided to bear the old man up to bed. This he did, struggling with his burden up the narrow stairs, until he reached the sleeping-chamber. Then he ran downstairs and brought up the light, after which he placed his father on the bed, stripped him of his outer raiment, shoes, and stockings, and arranged the pillows beneath his head. There the Gaffer lay, as sorry a wreck of humanity as was ever beheld by human eyes.

The cottages where the farm-labourers dwelt were situated at some little distance, and George did not dare to leave the bedside. From time to time he administered more brandy, still without avail. When the grey dawn broke, the old man still lay unconscious, a wail floating miserably between two tides, that of Life and that of Death.

At early morning a labourer crossed the yard, and George sang out to him to run at once for Dutton. It was broad daylight before the man of science arrived. The moment he saw the patient he shook his head.

"Cerebral effusion, strong enough to knock down an ox! He's warm, and that's all," said Dutton.

"Will he live?" asked George, eagerly, feeling for the first time in his life a tender interest in the author of his being, and looking at the bed through rising tears. Yes, that poor wreck of a living man was his father, and it was pitiful to see him cast so low.

"He may and he mayn't," answered Dutton. "I wouldn't give tuppence for his life myself. Put some warm bottles to his feet, and I'll send him some physic."

"He's stirring," cried George, suddenly.

And at that moment, indeed, a gleam of consciousness came into the wrinkled face, and the foam-fleck'd lips moved as if striving for utterance. Dutton bent over him, lifted his right arm, and then released it; it fell limp and powerless on the bed.

"Hemiplegia!" muttered Dutton. "He may linger a bit, but he's an old man, and he'll never rise again."

But the Gaffer was of a tough breed, hard to kill. A few weeks afterwards he had recovered sufficiently to be carried downstairs and to occupy his old seat by the fire. Yet, although the withered body retained a portion of its old life, the power of speech had almost gone, and the keen eyes were glassy and dim.

The news of the Gaffer's collapse soon spread far and wide, and caused, to tell the truth, little or no lamenting. George, however, watched and nursed the invalid as if he had been the best, not the worst, of fathers.

Then, one day, after a few meetings out-o'-doors, Catherine and Bridget came over, and Bridget asked permission to sit now and then with the old man. At first George refused peremptorily, but Bridget said—

"Let bygones be bygones, George. He's your father!" And George realised then, by her manner, that she knew the truth, that, as Jasper had affirmed, she had guessed it from the first.

When she first entered the kitchen, the Gaffer, lying propped up by pillows, made no sign of recognition, so that what George most dreaded, a convulsion of feeling at the sight of the pretty creature whom the Gaffer had so hated, did not take place. He did not know her, indeed he hardly knew anyone except his son; but gradually, from day to day, as Bridget's visits increased, he seemed to take pleasure in her presence, and to be dimly aware of her as of some gentle nurse.

And thus, for the first time in his life, the egregious and impossible Gaffer, once the terror of friends and enemies alike, became an object of human interest. Surely a miracle indeed!

A year has passed away, and Amanda and Jabez are seated again under the shelter of a tree, in a corner of the hayfield. It is the noontide siesta, or, to speak more properly, the noontide siesta is just over, and already the mowers are busy yonder in the sunshine.

"Amandy!"

"Yes, Jabez!"

"Where's Measter Jarge?"

"Coming o'er the meadow yonder with the young mistress. Eh, but she looks bonnie! Happy is the bride as the sun shines on!"

"Wedlock's a vish thing!" said Jabez, with a grin.

"Lord love 'ee, Measter Geoffrey, wedlock be a cure for many thing, but none a cure for that!"

"Have you seen Miss Catherine?" he asked.

"She's out yonder in the five-acre," answered Amanda, whereupon Geoffrey nodded lightly and rode on.

Jabez watched him until he was out of earshot, then, scratching his head, and winking at Amanda, he observed—

"Miss Catherine! allays Miss Catherine! I doubt there'll be another couple o' vules before long."

"Sure enough," returned Amanda. "'Twas bound to happen," and tying on her sun-hat she strode away across the fields, followed by her liege lord.

Geoffrey found Catherine busy among the haymakers—the same simple Catherine, brown with the sun and full of sunny health. She saw him coming, and ran to his horse's side.

"So George and Bridget have come back?" he said gaily.

some foolish man in the world who thinks he cares for me, and who'll take me for my own sake, with all my faults!"

The face of Geoffrey grew radiant as a sunbeam. He placed his hand on hers, and said in a low voice, broken between laughter and tears—

"I wonder, Catherine, if there's such a man?"

L'ENVOI.

"Come live with me and be my Love!"

The Shepherd singeth as of old;

Across the fells his white flocks move

Close to the shelter of the Fold;

The sun shines bright, the wind blows free,

All's green beneath, and blue above . . .

O hark, again

That old refrain!—

"Come live with me! Come live with me!

Come live with me and be my Love!"

Sweet music of the beating heart,

Help'd softly by the faltering tongue,

Still heard where lovers meet or part,

For ever old, yet ever young!

Old as the Mountains and the Sea,

Young as each Dawn that breaks above! . . .

Again, again,

The Shepherd's strain:

"Come live with me! Come live with me!

Come live with me and be my Love!"

This is the Song Time cannot still,

This is the Life that ever springs,

This is the Joy that ne'er grows chill,

But warms all Earth and living things;

This is the Charm that still shall be

Wherever mortals live and move! . . .

O hark again,

That sweet refrain—

"Come live with me! Come live with me!

Come live with me and be my Love!"

THE END.

A NEW STORY BY RIDER HAGGARD.

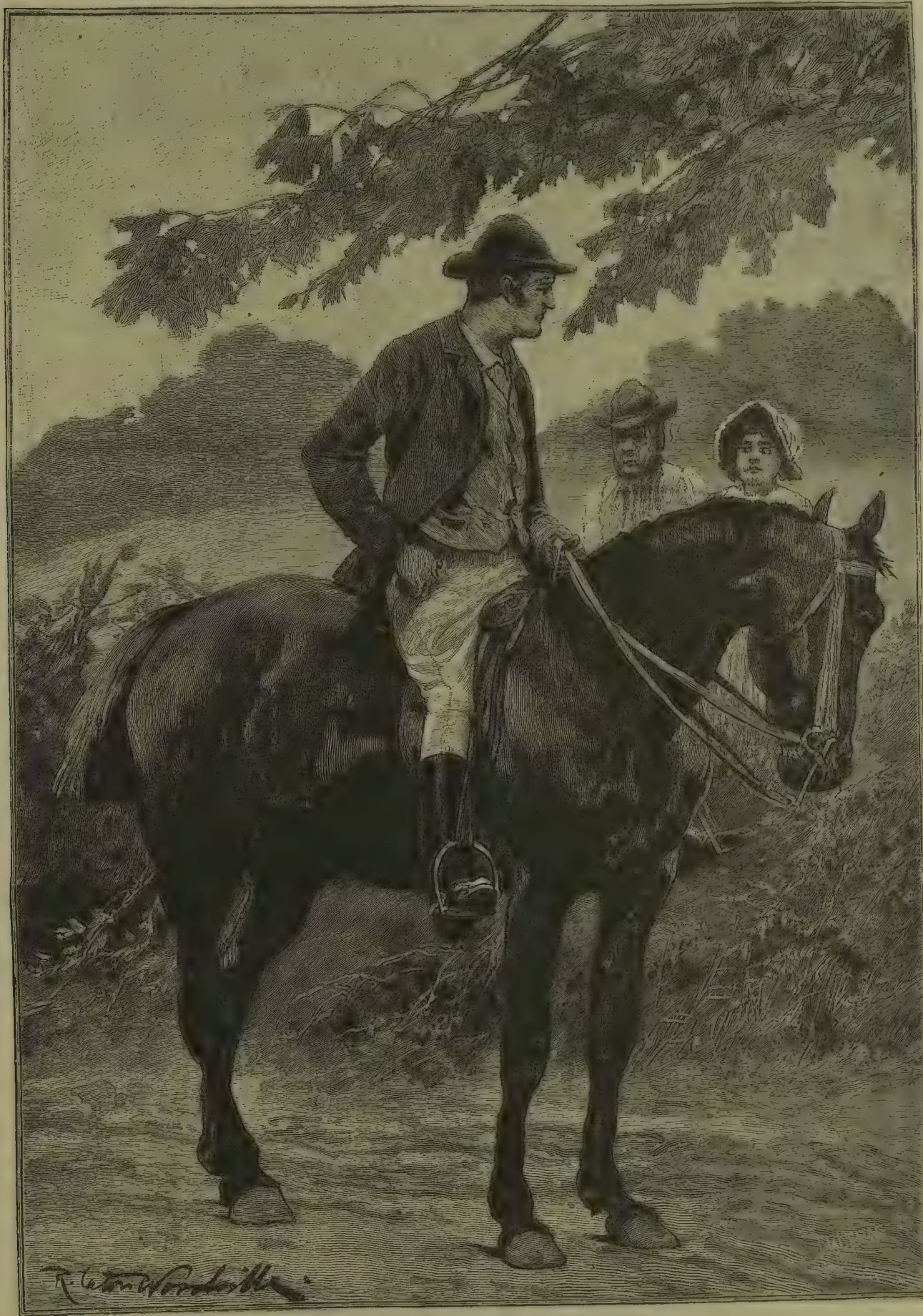
On Jan. 2, 1892, will be published the Opening Chapters of a new serial Story by

H. RIDER HAGGARD,

entitled "Nada the Lily," Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

MR. TRAILL'S "LORD SALISBURY."

The two hundred odd pages which Mr. H. D. Traill contributes to the series of "Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) is very much the clearest and by far the most literary view of the Prime Minister's career that has yet been given to the world. Mr. Traill writes now and then in a vein of agreeable cynicism, which would delight no one more than the master of the art of satire with whom he deals, and his treatment of the main threads of Lord Salisbury's policy and career is, we think, a just one. Mr. Traill thinks that the Premier will leave the deepest mark on the annals of his time as a foreign diplomatist rather than as a domestic statesman. Otherwise considered, he thinks it is doubtful whether what he calls "a sufficiently stately and imposing, but not original or interesting, or, in a word, characteristic, individuality" will obtain adequate recognition. This result Mr. Traill traces to a certain want of popular sympathy and a certain reserve, amounting almost to shyness, of character. As Mr. Traill truly says, Lord Salisbury "mounts the stump with reluctance and descends it with relief." More than this, he does not affect, in a time when the organisation of Conservatism as well as Liberalism largely proceeds on democratic lines, to cultivate a close personal relation with his followers. His few speeches, admirable for form and material, show him descending at intervals into an arena which has few attractions for him, rather than entering it with Mr. Gladstone's passionate absorption and genuine "delight of battle." Of Lord Salisbury's oratory Mr. Traill speaks in terms of just admiration. Its fault, from a popular point of view, lies, first, in the somewhat monotonous delivery, and secondly in a certain strain of pessimism which pervades it. On one point it has been subject to some critical injustice. Lord Beaconsfield for once committed a curious error when he declared that Lord Salisbury's invective wanted polish. This is precisely what it does not. His speech is as finely cut and as patiently polished as Mr. Gladstone's is diffuse, unliterary, and over-involved. At times, no doubt, the diction is over-blunt. The famous passage in which, in the debate on Mr. Gladstone's Paper Duties Bill, Lord Salisbury likened that statesman to a pettifogging attorney, and then apologised to the attorneys, illustrates, according to Mr. Traill, Lord Salisbury's habit of jestingly striking a note which jars on the current sentiment of his hearers. It is, however, necessary to take a man's defects in connection with his qualities—of which, indeed, they are invariably the expression. Mr. Traill's book would, perhaps, have been brightened if, like Mr. George Russell, he had had the advantage of a close personal acquaintance with his subject. This, however, does not appear to have been the case, and, at all events, this singularly finished and elegant piece of historical criticism does not add anything to our knowledge of the main motives of Lord Salisbury's career. Probably no statesman has gone through life with a more scanty esoteric record. Numbers of Mr. Gladstone's boyish speeches are preserved, but there is no chronicle of Lord Salisbury's contributions to the debates of the Oxford Union, in which he held the office of treasurer. Nor does Mr. Traill give us any picture of the Premier's early struggle with what, for a man of his position, was not far removed from poverty, and which is one of the most honourable episodes in his career. These omissions are, no doubt, inevitable, but we cannot help wishing that some such touch of personal interest had been added to Mr. Traill's bright and finished monograph of a great, but, on the whole, little-known man.



"Have you seen Miss Catherine?" he asked.

"And men be vish creatures!" returned Amanda, holding up a big fat hand on which a gold ring was gleaming.

"How many days since young mistress was married, you?"

"Why, a whole month, ye dumbledore! Just a month after the Gaffer died."

"And you and me?"

"Twenty year, to my counting!" returned Amanda, throwing a bunch of hay into the man's face; whereupon he caught her round the waist and kissed her with a smack of hearty enjoyment.

Just then, as if Time had rolled back again, and it was a year ago, the gate of the field opened, and Geoffrey Doone rode in on his roadster.

"Quiet, ye vule! There's Measter Geoffrey!"

And as Geoffrey rode up, Amanda jumped to her feet and curtsied low. Jabez rose too, and touched his forelock.

"Idle as ever!" said Geoffrey, with a sunny smile. "I thought wedlock would have cured you!"

Jabez grinned.

"Yes, and brought good weather and good luck with them. There they are!"

The young couple, hand in hand like children, were moving thither across the field—Bridget, dainty and well-dressed as ever, George in a dark summer suit. The moment they appeared the haymakers gave them a hearty cheer. Bridget blushed and, running to her sister, kissed her fondly, while George and Geoffrey shook hands.

The four chatted together for a time, then George and his bride strolled away. Catherine still remained by Geoffrey, her hand resting on the horse's mane.

"They're happy, thank God!" said Geoffrey. "And now that they're to dwell over yonder at the Warren, what's to become of you?"

Catherine laughed and blushed.

"Oh, I shall be all right! I've got the farm to look after still, and winter and summer plenty of work to do. I shall live on just as I've lived, unless—"

"Unless?" asked Geoffrey, bending forward in the saddle, and looking into her eyes.

"Unless," she replied, answering the look, "unless there's



I remembered now, I had taken out the letter of credit so as to make room for the photographs, and had put the letter in my other pocket, which I proved to everybody's satisfaction.

THE TRAMP ABROAD AGAIN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

II.—PLAYING COURIER (*Continued*).

Of course there was music in the morning when it was found that we couldn't leave by the early train. But I had no time to wait; I got only the opening bars of the overture, and then started out to get my letter of credit.

It seemed a good time to look into the trunk business and rectify it if it needed it, and I had a suspicion that it did. I was too late. The concierge said he had shipped the trunks to Zurich the evening before. I asked him how he could do that without exhibiting passage tickets.

"Not necessary in Switzerland. You pay for your trunks and send them where you please. Nothing goes free but your hand baggage."

"How much did you pay on them?"

"A hundred and forty francs."

"Twenty-eight dollars. There's something wrong about that trunk business, sure."

Next I met the portier. He said—

"You have not slept well, is it not? You have the worn look. If you would like a courier, a good one has arrived last night, and is not engaged for five days already. By the name of Ludi. We recommend him—*das heisst*, the Grand Hôtel Beau Rivage recommends him."

I declined with coldness. My spirit was not broken yet, and I did not like having my condition taken notice of in this way. I was at the county jail by nine o'clock, hoping that the Mayor might chance to come before his regular hour; but he didn't. It was dull there. Every time I offered to touch anything, or look at anything, or do anything, or refrain from doing anything, the policeman said it was "*defendu*." I thought I would practise my French on him; but he wouldn't have that, either. It seemed to make him particularly bitter to hear his own tongue.

The Mayor came at last, and then there was no trouble; for the minute he had convened the Supreme Court—which they always do whenever there is valuable property in dispute—and got everything shipshape, and sentries posted, and had prayer by the chaplain, my unsealed letter was brought and opened, and there wasn't anything in it but some photographs; because, as I remembered now, I had taken out the letter of credit so as to make room for the photographs, and had put the letter in my other pocket, which I proved to everybody's satisfaction by fetching it out and showing it with a good deal of exultation. So then the Court looked at each other in a vacant kind of way, and then at me, and then at each other again, and finally let me go, but said it was imprudent for me to be at large, and asked me what my profession was. I said I was a courier. They lifted up their eyes in a kind of reverent way, and said, "*Du lieber Gott!*" and I said a word of courteous thanks for their apparent admiration and hurried off to the bank.

However, being a courier was already making me a great stickler for order and system, and one thing at a time and each thing in its own proper turn; so I passed by the bank and branched off, and started for the two lacking members of the

Expedition. A cab lazied by, and I took it upon persuasion. I gained no speed by this, but it was a reposeful turn-out, and I like reposefulness. The week-long jubilations over the six-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Swiss liberty and the Signing of the Compact were at flood-tide, and all the streets were clothed in fluttering flags. The horse and the driver had been drunk three days and nights, and had known nor stall nor bed meantime. They looked as I felt—dreamy and seedy. But we arrived in the course of time. I went in and rang, and asked a housemaid to rush out the lacking members. She said something which I did not understand, and I returned to the chariot. The girl had probably told me that those people did not belong on her floor, and that it would be judicious for me to go higher, and ring from floor to floor till I found them, for in those Swiss flats there does not seem to be any way to find the right family but to be patient and guess your way along up. I calculated that I must wait fifteen minutes, there being three details inseparable from an occasion of this sort: (1) Put on hats and come down and climb in; (2) return of one to get "my other glove"; (3) presently, return of the

other one to fetch "my 'French Verbs at a Glance.'" I would muse during the fifteen minutes, and take it easy.

A very still and blank interval ensued, then I felt a hand on my shoulder, and started. The intruder was a policeman. I glanced up, and perceived that there was new scenery. There was a good deal of a crowd, and they had that pleased and interested look which such a crowd wears when they see that somebody is out of luck. The horse was asleep, and so was the driver, and some boys had hung them and me full of gaudy decorations stolen from the innumerable banner-poles. It was a scandalous spectacle. The officer said—

"I'm sorry, but we can't have you sleeping here all day."

I was wounded, and said with dignity—

"I beg your pardon, I was not sleeping; I was thinking."

"Well, you can think if you want to, but you've got to think to yourself. You disturb the whole neighbourhood."

It was a poor joke, but it made the crowd laugh. I snore at night sometimes; but it is not likely that I would do such a thing in the daytime and in such a place. The officer undecorated us, and seemed sorry for our friendlessness, and



"I'm sorry, but we can't have you sleeping here all day."



A PASSING COMPLIMENT.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

really tried to be humane; but he said we mustn't stop there any longer, or he would have to charge us rent—it was the law, he said; and he went on to say, in a sociable way, that I was looking pretty mouldy, and he wished he knew—

I shut him off pretty austere, and said I hoped one might celebrate a little, these days, especially when one was personally concerned.

"Personally?" he asked. "How?"

"Because six hundred years ago an ancestor of mine signed the Compact."

He reflected a moment, then looked me over, and said—

"Ancestor! It's my opinion you signed it yourself. For of all the old ancient relics that ever I— But never mind about that. What is it you are waiting here for so long?"

I said—

"I'm not waiting here so long at all. I'm waiting fifteen minutes, till they forget a glove and a book and go back and get them." Then I told him who they were that I had come for.

He was very obliging, and began to shout inquiries to the tiers of heads and shoulders projecting from the windows above us. Then a woman away up there sang out—

"Oh, they! Why, I got them a cab, and they left here long ago—half past eight, I should say."

It was annoying. I glanced at my watch, but didn't say anything. The officer said—

"It is a quarter to twelve, you see. You should have inquired better. You have been asleep three quarters of an hour—and in such a sum as this! You are baked—baked black! It is wonderful! And you will miss your train, perhaps. You interest me greatly. What is your occupation?"

I said I was a courier. It seemed to stun him, and before he could come to, we were gone.

When I arrived in the third storey of the hotel I found our quarters vacant. I was not surprised. The moment a courier takes his eye off his tribe they go shopping. The nearer it is to train time the surer they are to go. I sat down to try and think out what I had best do next, but presently the hall-boy found me there, and said that the Expedition had gone to the station half an hour before. It was the first time I had known them to do a rational thing, and it was very confusing. This is one of the things that make a courier's life so difficult and uncertain. Just as matters are going the smoothest, his people will strike a lucid interval, and down go all his arrangements to wrack and ruin.

The train was to leave at twelve noon sharp. It was now ten minutes after twelve. I could be at the station in ten minutes. I saw I had no great amount of leeway, for this was the lightning express, and on the Continent the lightning expresses are pretty fastidious about getting away some time during the advertised day. My people were the only ones remaining in the waiting-room; everybody else had passed through and "mounted the train," as they say in those regions. They were exhausted with nervousness and fret, but I comforted them and heartened them up, and we made our rush.

But no, we were out of luck again. The door-keeper was not satisfied with the tickets. He examined them cautiously, deliberately, suspiciously, then glared at me a while, and after that he called another official. The two examined the tickets and called another official. These called others, and the convention discussed and discussed, and gesticulated and carried on, until I begged that they would consider how time was flying, and just pass a few resolutions and let us go. Then they said, very courteously, that there was a defect in the tickets, and asked me where I got them.

I judged I saw what the trouble was now. You see, I had bought the tickets in a cigar-shop, and of course the tobacco smell was on them; without doubt, the thing they were up to was to work the tickets through the Custom House and collect duty on that smell. So I resolved to be perfectly frank; it is sometimes the best way. I said—

"Gentlemen, I will not deceive you. These railway tickets"—

"Ah, pardon, M'sieu! These are not railway tickets."

"Oh!" I said, "is that the defect?"

"Ah! truly yes, M'sieu. These are lottery tickets; yes, and it is a lottery which has been drawn two years ago."

I affected to be greatly amused; it is all one can do in such circumstances—it is all one can do, and yet there is no value in it, it deceives nobody, and you can see that everybody around pities you and is ashamed of you. One of the hardest situations in life, I think, is to be full of grief and a sense of defeat and shabbiness that way, and yet have to put on an outside of archness and gaiety, while all the time you know that your own Expedition, the treasures of your heart, and whose love and reverence you are by the custom of our civilisation entitled to, are being consumed with humiliation before strangers, to see you earning and getting a compassion which is a stigma, a brand—a brand which certifies you to be—oh! anything and everything which is fatal to human respect.

I said cheerily it was all right, just one of those little accidents that was likely to happen to anybody: I would have the right tickets in two minutes, and we would catch the train yet, and, moreover, have something to laugh about all through the journey. I did get the tickets in time, all stamped and complete; but then it turned out that I couldn't take them, because in taking so much pains about the two missing members I had skipped the bank and hadn't the money. So then the train left, and there didn't seem to be anything to do but go back to the hotel, which we did; but it was kind of melancholy and not much said. I tried to start a few subjects, like scenery and transubstantiation, and those sort of things, but they didn't seem to hit the weather right.

We had lost our good rooms, but we got some others which were pretty scattering, but would answer. I judged things would brighten now, but the head of the Expedition said "Send up the trunks." It made me feel pretty cold. There was a doubtful something about that trunk business; I was almost sure of it. I was going to suggest—

But a wave of the hand sufficiently restrained me, and I

was informed that we would now camp for three days and see if we could rest up.

I said all right, never mind ringing, I would go down and attend to the trunks myself. I got a cab and went straight to Mr. Charles Natural's place, and asked what order it was I had left there.

"To send seven trunks to the hotel."

"And were you to bring any back?"

"No."

"You are sure I didn't tell you to bring back seven that would be found piled in the lobby?"

"Absolutely sure you didn't."

"Then the whole fourteen are gone to Zurich or Jericho, or somewhere, and there is going to be more debris around that hotel when the Expedition"—

I didn't finish, because my mind was getting to be in a good deal of a whirl, and when you are that way you think you have finished a sentence when you haven't, and you go mooning and dreaming away, and the first thing you know you get run over by a dray or a cow, or something.

I left the cab there—I forgot it—and on my way back I thought it all out, and concluded to resign, because otherwise I should be nearly sure to be discharged. But I didn't believe it would be a good idea to resign in person; I could do it by message. So I sent for Mr. Ludi, and explained that there was a courier going to resign on account of incompatibility or fatigue, or something, and as he had four or five vacant days I would like to insert him into that vacancy if he thought he could fill it. When everything was arranged, I got him to go up and say to the Expedition that, owing to an error made by Mr. Natural's people, we were out of trunks here, but would have plenty in Zurich, and we had better take the first train, freight, gravel, or construction, and move right along.

He attended to that, and came down with an invitation for me to go up—yes, certainly; and while we walked along over to the bank to get money and collect my cigars and tobacco, and to the cigar-shop to trade back the lottery tickets and get my umbrella, and to Mr. Natural's to pay that cab and send it away, and to the county jail to get my rubbers and leave P.P.C. cards for the Mayor and Supreme Court, he described the weather to me that was prevailing on the upper levels there with the Expedition, and I saw that I was doing very well where I was.

I stayed out in the woods till 4 p.m., to let the weather moderate, and then turned up at the station just in time to take the three o'clock express for Zurich along with the Expedition, now in the hands of Ludi, who conducted its complex affairs with little apparent effort or inconvenience.

Well, I had worked like a slave while I was in office, and done the very best I knew how; yet all that these people dwelt upon or seemed to care to remember were the defects of my administration, not its creditable features. They would skip over a thousand creditable features to remark upon and reiterate and fuss about just one fact, till it seemed to me they would wear it out, and not much of a fact either, taken by itself—the fact that I elected myself courier in Geneva, and put in work enough to carry a circus to Jerusalem, and yet never even got my gang out of the town. I finally said I didn't wish to hear any more about the subject; it made me tired. And I told them to their faces that I would never be a courier again to save anybody's life; and, if I live long enough, I'll prove it. I think it's a difficult, brain-racking, overworked, and thoroughly ungrateful office, and the main bulk of its wages is a sore heart and a bruised spirit.

(To be continued.)

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Can English literature be made, and should it be made, the subject of teaching and of examination in the Universities? That is really the topic of Mr. Churton Collins's book "The Study of English Literature" (Macmillan). In considering a question of this kind, every person of mature years will be swayed by his own experience. Mine rather turns me against Mr. Collins's enthusiasm for teaching our literature at Oxford and Cambridge. I went to school with, perhaps, rather a wide knowledge of books for a boy, and at school they tried to teach us English literature. We possessed "Paradise Lost," Cowper's "Task," and an historical manual of the literature of England; but I do not suppose that I ever prepared one single lesson in these books or ever answered more than one question. Yet, wherein am I the worse, or wherein are the hundreds of other contemporary boys who were in the same or similar classes the better? As to one's school experience, then the teaching of English literature was an arid waste of time, although, or because, one was never without a book in one's hand or one's pocket. At college nobody pretended to teach English literature, yet Mr. Collins, at college, knew plenty of it. I am concerned to believe that, had they been part of the curriculum, Mr. Collins might have been less devoted to the poetry and prose of our dear country. The truth is, as Mr. Collins perceives (p. 125, note), that young men who are inclined to be literary "have generally preferred, and, in all probability, will continue to prefer, to take their education into their own hands." Nothing can be more true: from the rare geniuses, like Shelley, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Gibbon, and so forth, who have been at Oxford, down to the mere literary trifler, all students whose main interest is literature have taken, and will take, the chief of their education into their own hands. There is no need to educate in English literature those "who wish and will know everything," as the infant Scott defined the virtuoso.

And where is the use of educating the others at all? What have they to do with English literature? The newspapers and a few novels serve their turn. You cannot teach them taste; you cannot inspire those whom the Muse has not inspired, and the knowledge with which you cram them they promptly forget. I have examined young men in English literature. Eight out of ten returned mere mechanical answers with which

they had been "crammed." Mr. Collins will say, "This they did because they had been badly instructed." But no lads who possessed a grain of literary taste, none who had the power of taking pleasure in books, could have answered so baldly and with such dismal dullness as these poor young men. There was no use in teaching them English literature. You might as well try to teach me the piano. They could read the papers, and a novel when they had exhausted the news, but of literature as an art, with laws, with an evolution of its own, with a charm and a delicacy unspeakable, they had, and could have, no conception. They were born without a literary taste, as another man is born without an ear for music. Most people have an ear for music; few have a taste for letters; and those few, as Mr. Collins says, will take their education "into their own hands." "The rest, they may live, and not learn."

To this doctrine Mr. Collins may urge two replies. He may say, "But most people have no more taste for philosophy and history than for literature, yet history and philosophy are taught." Here I dispute the assertion that philosophy and history are quite as painfully distasteful as literature to most people. History can be hitched into politics, philosophy can be tacked on to religion, and neither history nor philosophy is, like literature, an *art*. Consequently, plenty of persons can take quite heartily to learning philosophy and history. As an example, in the *Contemporary Review* we find Mrs. Sutherland Orr trying to define Mr. Robert Browning's religious beliefs. She speaks of "large groups of men and women whose faith in Mr. Browning was bound up with his supposed allegiance to the literal forms of Christianity." These large groups went round talking about Mr. Browning, and the careless observer thought that they were taking an interest in literature. What had they to do with literature? It was religion that concerned them. Now, to a lover of letters, Mr. Browning's beliefs are neither here nor there. Mr. Browning's own happiness would be affected by his beliefs, and, as a religious matter, we are all deeply interested in learning how faith appealed to his energetic mind. But, as matter of literature, his beliefs are no more important than Shakspeare's, of which we know nothing at all. Our "faith" in Shakspeare is not "bound up with his allegiance" to any dogma, nor is our literary faith in Mr. Browning, nor in Paulus Silentarius, nor in anybody. Thus, one remains of the opinion that the chosen of literature are few, though they seem to be many, because Mr. Browning, for example, produced literature, and many excellent persons had faith in him. It was not his literature they cared about, it was his theology. Not literature, but religious discussion, makes theological romances popular. So far, then, I maintain that literature is not on a footing with history or philosophy. Literature is a source of pleasure. History teaches politics, philosophy teaches conduct and is mixed up with religion. The many cannot be taught literature; the few do not need teaching, if once they can read—read Greek, Latin, English, French, Italian, German. Their literary education they will "take in their own hands."

Mr. Collins may next reply unto me: "But literature is taught all over the country, and taught very badly. Much of the teaching is merely philological; much is only cram of names and dates. If literature were taught in the Universities, the general level all over the land would be raised." To this I must reply that the public cannot be taught literature. But, under the delusion that they are learning literature, they can be made to puzzle out the "skews" in Shakspeare, to understand the hard words and odd constructions, and to get by heart a few pieces of general information: the date of Chaucer, the names of Pope's books, and so on. All that kind of thing they can get to remember long enough for purposes of examination. Mr. Collins supplies questions which he thinks might be set in real valuable literary teaching. Alas! I fear any crammer could prepare his pupils with answers that must receive marks. Let me try a question myself: "Discuss 'prose poetry,' illustrate from Aristotle." The crammer could put his pupils up to that "tip" in a quarter of an hour. The crammer will always beat the examiner, and in literature the pupils not born literary will always give parrot answers. Mr. Collins provides ten pages of questions for the new school. Many, I think, are just such questions as were set in "General Papers" when I was an undergraduate.

Many other questions here might be, and may be, set in the modern history schools. Others might be set in a Taylorian scholarship. All the questions deal with matters which a man of literary taste will study unurged by examinations. For example, Mr. Collins probably would have rejoiced to find many of those questions set in "Greats" or a Fellowship examination. Yet he had never been told to "get them up"; they came by nature. People to whom they do not come by nature will merely cram replies, and be nothing the better. It may be said that the student needs instruction, advice, the pointing out to him of books. Not he! To discover the books is as natural to him as to "see the hare first" is natural to another kind of sportsman.

Thus, to myself, "the higher" kind of literary teaching seems either superfluous for the few or useless waste of time and trouble for the many. Mr. Collins, however, is backed by a multitude of allies, from Mr. Huxley to Canon Farrar, from Mr. Pater to the Archbishop of Canterbury. What am I against so many! Moreover, Mr. Collins's arguments are so numerous and so varied that he who would understand them all must read them for himself. I do not presume to suppose that I have confuted Mr. Collins: I only try to explain why I do not believe in the teaching of literature. It is not that English literature should not be studied in company with the ancient classics. English literature is already so studied, probably, by every undergraduate of taste: the others will never make anything of literature, whether there be a school of literature or not. Here followeth the anecdote: In my freshman's year "Atalanta in Calydon" came out, and I purchased a copy—a good investment too, as the first edition is now rare. To me enter another undergraduate, justly distinguished in all ways and a scholar of the first mark. He borrowed my "Atalanta," and brought it back in a week, saying, with considerable vigour, that he could make neither head nor tail of the stuff. This gentleman had endless accomplishments, excellent abilities, but he did not happen to be literary. The majority is like him, without his qualities: the majority cannot be taught literature, and the minority need no teaching.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S "HOGARTH."

There are few works of the season which deserve a heartier welcome than one which tells all that need be told of the life and works of the first great master of the English School, and the greatest pictorial satirist that the world has seen—a work, moreover, which tells it all in good order, in good taste, and with an accuracy almost unimpeachable in the light of existing knowledge. To that light Mr. Dobson has himself added not a little. Many years' reading in and about his



PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH, BY HIMSELF.

subject has not only made him a master of the period, but has enabled him to correct the errors of his predecessors, and to add many facts to those already established. It is from him we learn for the first time that "The Harlot's Progress" was published, not in 1733-4, as Nichols stated to the delusion of his followers for more than a century, but in April 1732. From this it follows that these "six pieces" were not pirated before they appeared, by Elisha Kirkall or any other man. This is, perhaps, the most important of the discoveries contained in this volume, but it is by no means the only one. For the close student of Hogarth, indeed, the book sparkles with little bits of information, in text, notes, and appendices, which often add to his knowledge and always illustrate and divert. Of these innumerable touches which make the whole picture of Hogarth and his surroundings so much more finished than any that has been drawn before, no adequate account can be given here, for they permeate the whole book, from his birth, "in Barth" Closte, next door to Mr. Downings the Printer's, November 10th 1697," down to the friendly rivalry of Garrick and Dr. Johnson to find the fittest lines for his epitaph.

Useful as the little volumes are which compose the "Great Artists" series of Messrs. Sampson Low, there are few of them which would bear the process through which Mr. Dobson has passed his "Hogarth." It had in it the germ, and much more than the germ, of the handsome volume now before us, and only needed expansion and revision to become what it is—the most complete and the best arranged literary monument to a

great English painter which exists. Stately but not unhandy in its proportions, printed in such fair type that he who runs may almost read, and illustrated by reductions of prints and pictures which for faithfulness leave nothing to be desired, this volume, in outward presence as well as inward arrangement, may well be taken as a model for future biographies of British artists.

Of course, there is no finality in biography or criticism, but as one lays down this book, with its carefully garnered stores, one is inclined to ask what there is left for the future historian of Hogarth? It is, indeed, yet to be discovered how he learnt to paint with the swift, sure touch of a Jan Steen, how he got that terrible scar on his forehead which we see in the well-known portrait we reproduce, and where, if anywhere, is now that golden snuffbox engraved with that scene from "The Rape of the Lock" from which, it is said, was taken the print which occupies the first place in Mr. Dobson's catalogue. He may, perhaps, discover the copy of Hogarth's shop-card, which J. Ireland once saw, inscribed with "Near the Black Bull, Long Lane"; he may describe the yet undescribed second state of "The Strolling Actresses in the Barn"; he may, perhaps, come upon some new portrait or "conversation piece", which can be safely claimed as a genuine work of Hogarth; but with regard to his life, with regard to his prints, with regard to his pictures of importance, it may be safely said that there is little to be reaped, or even gleaned, now.

In days when the humour of such a modern as Charles Dickens is accounted old-fashioned, when the "literary idea" is to be altogether banished from art, and when refinement has attained to such a pitch that Fielding is tabooed, the enterprise of the publishers of this book on Hogarth may seem a little rash. Our illustration of his work may do something to justify it. It is only a "subscription ticket," but it is quite enough to prove that Hogarth's genius is immortal—immortal in spite of the undoubted truth that his subjects were often of ephemeral interest, that his art was not for "Art's sake," that he was sometimes as coarse as he was clever.

The etching of "A Chorus of Singers; or, The Oratorio" (1732) was the subscription ticket for the famous plate of "A Midnight Modern Conversation" (1733), both of which afford instances of that uncertainty in orthography which marks so many of the "states" (not always the first states) of Hogarth's prints. The receipt form of the "Oratorio" contained the word "provided," which, like "modern," was afterwards altered to accord with the commoner practice. This ticket can never grow altogether stale or uninteresting as long as singing in chorus is known. Although its spirit is humorous, it may yet be compared in fidelity of expression with Luca della Robbia's exquisite group of singing children at Florence; in both cases it may be said that you can distinguish the voices of the singers. In Hogarth's print you can almost hear the shrill notes of the alto and the deep boom of the bass. No one who has ever taken a "part" can fail to be struck with some trick of facial expression not unknown to him in real life; and, such is human nature, we fear that he will not be less pleased if the ridiculous gestures of the conductor or the contorted countenance of the leading tenor remind him of his very best friend.

But the favourite of these etchings has always been and always will be "The Laughing Audience" (1733), which, after doing duty as a subscription ticket to "The Rake's Progress" and to "Southwark Fair," was issued on its own account as "A Pleased Audience at a Play." "Never," says a former describer of the print, "was downright side-shaking laughter so portrayed. There is the open guffaw, the silent split, the internal choke, the tearful giggle, and the solemn grin," and the same writer remarks how cleverly the intense enjoyment of the play by the good folks in the pit is contrasted with the professional earnestness of the band and the utter want of attention on the part of the amorous old beaux in the boxes. They say that we laugh less than we did, and not so heartily, but, at least, it will be some time before the faculty of laughter is extinct in the human race, and even then this print may not be without a scientific interest to show to those who laugh no more how the risory muscles used to act in the days of their barbarous ancestors.

In these two plates we see one reason for Hogarth's immortality. He touched to the quick that human nature which is common to all men and all time. Much of his satire is, no doubt, ephemeral, and appeals to us no more; but a great deal more of it—all his best and greatest work—though lashing the folly of his particular day, is, so to speak, current still. We have not only our

singers and our laughers, but, alas! also our Kate Hackabouts, our Tom Rakewells, our Lord Squanderfields, and our Counsellor Silvertongues, even our Doctor Misadbins and Mother Needhams. All these are types which no one has ever fixed so clearly as Hogarth, or with such an unerring eye for what is universal in human character. Nor have we half exhausted yet his credentials to posterity. As a moralist, as a satirist, as a story-teller in pictures, as a master of expression, not only humorous, but tragic, in scenes of real life, he has no equal in any school.

Mr. Dobson has had regard not only to the life and works of this truly great man—great in spite of very defined limitations—but also to his relics. He is not only the best authority on his prints, but also on the literature which has sprung up in his honour, on the fortunes of his wife and friends after his death, on the property which he left, on the houses in which he lived, and the tombstone which covers his remains. The tombstone still stands as shown in our illustration, and is well worthy of a pilgrimage from all who honour his sterling English art or his sterling English character—for he was one of the most honest, the most courageous, and the most incorruptible of Britons. We wish that there were not cause for some anxiety with regard to that house at Chiswick in which he lived and died. Fortunately, it is out of immediate danger, safe in the possession of one who is a thorough artist himself and bears a name honoured in the annals of British art. But we cannot help wishing that it were safe for all time, preserved as a heritage for the people of England. We have Shakspeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon: might we not



HOGARTH'S TOMB, CHISWICK CHURCHYARD.

fairly hope for Hogarth's house at Chiswick, restored as far as possible to the state in which he left it, its rooms a museum of Hogarth and his times, with its garden planted in the fashion of the eighteenth century, with the famous mulberry-tree cared for and another ready to take its place? What Antwerp has done for Plantin, surely London might do for Hogarth; and if not London or the State, has he not still sufficient lovers to form a Hogarth Society for the purpose?

Lord Lytton's favourite dog, "Darling," a beautiful poodle, has (says the *Daily News*) been the means of bringing to justice a notorious thief who has long been wanted by the Paris police. "Darling" has been very disconsolate over the loss of his master, and has taken to vagabond ways. One day he disappeared, and all efforts to find him proved unavailing. About a week afterwards, a dirty, disreputable-looking dog appeared at the British Embassy, and refused to be driven out. Could this be the beautiful "Darling?" The idea seemed ridiculous; but someone took the poor brute to Lady Lytton, who, in spite of his altered appearance, recognised in him her lost pet. The question was, Where had he been? And this was soon settled on examination of a strange collar round his neck, engraved upon which were the name and address of a man who has long made a profession of dog-stealing. The imprudent thief, who seems to have taken a fancy to the dog and to have intended to keep him himself, succeeded in securing his own arrest, and he is now safely under lock and key.



"THE ORATORIO."—AFTER HOGARTH.

* William Hogarth. By Austin Dobson. (London: Sampson, Low, Marston, and Co. 1891.)



CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES: REHEARSING A TABLEAU.

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

A RAILWAY TRAGEDY.

Told in a private letter from MAGGIE LAWSON to her friend
MINNIE CLARKE.

My dear Minnie,—No doubt you will be surprised to hear that I am engaged, for when I left you, and London, about a month ago, I had not the remotest idea of it. You have often told me, with a shake of your dear, wise head, that my pranks would some day get me into serious trouble, but you never dreamt they would lead me into matrimony.

You know how I hate travelling alone, how I suffer untold agonies on those rare occasions when I am obliged to spend a few hours by myself in a train.

Judge, then, of my feelings when, after the splendid start I had made from King's Cross, thanks to your kind exertions, all



I soon contrived to arrange these things so as to resemble the figure of a man.

my companions, including the two old maids with the canaries, left the carriage at Peterborough! I was so overwhelmed with dismay at this sudden desertion that the train was moving off again before I had made up my mind to change my quarters.

Suddenly an idea came into my mind—a lovely idea sent to me by my good angel, without doubt. Around me lay the usual paraphernalia of rugs, shawls, dressing-bag, my new holdall, and the two cushions provided by your dear mother for my comfort during the night. What more did I want? Here was material in plenty wherewith to protect myself. How funny that I should never have thought of it before!

I set to work at once, and soon contrived to arrange these things so as to resemble the figure of a man lying on the seat before me. Covering it carefully with my wraps, I placed one end of my holdall to appear like a human foot under the folds of the rug, and on the head I put my own deer-stalker, so as to hide the features which did not exist. A few pats here, a gentle pull there, a slight compression to suggest the region of the waist—fortunately men do not require much of that commodity—and my protector and chaperon looked so lifelike and real that I surveyed my work with satisfaction and pride. What did I care now for the terrors of the night? I was confident that an allusion to "the gentleman who was not very well" would secure me the undisputed possession of the compartment.

We were then nearing Grantham, and in a few minutes the train slackened speed and stopped at the station. The passengers waiting on the platform made for the second and third class carriages, and I saw with great satisfaction that I was not likely to be disturbed.

The guard looked in once to see if I was "all right," but did not appear to notice my recumbent companion, which was fortunate, for it might have been awkward had he asked to see the gentleman's ticket.

The train was on the point of starting when a stalwart figure rushed across the platform with hat-box, gun-case, rugs, &c., followed by a panting porter staggering under the weight of cartridge-cases.

I watched this sportsman with some interest, for what woman does not admire a man of fine stature?—and this specimen was at least six feet two and broad in proportion. But to admire from a distance and to come into close quarters with such an imposing fellow are two very different things, and, to my horror, I saw this giant making straight for my carriage.

"Oh! please be careful!" I gasped feebly, as the door was wrenched open—"This—this gentleman is not very well!"

There, Minnie! I had said it, and the words were no sooner out of my mouth than I felt quite ashamed of my ridiculous freak.

"I beg your pardon!" answered the intruder, who somehow managed to raise his hat, although his hands were full of things. "I am very sorry to disturb you, but I fear there is no time for me to go elsewhere, and they tell me the train is full." Then he added, with a conciliatory smile, "I'll be very quiet."

I looked as stern as I could, for certainly his entrance had been anything but quiet, and I trembled lest, in the hurry and confusion that followed, and while the porter was sliding the cartridge-cases along the floor, something should go wrong with my lay figure, and the utter hollowness of the contrivance be revealed just when I wanted its countenance more than ever. All went well, however, and the train was soon in rapid motion again, and I couldn't but feel very unhappy. Fancy having to spend the night with this stranger, who might be some villain in disguise!—and I thought I should scream. But a look at my handiwork, so calm and impassive through it all, somewhat reassured me.

My living companion settled his luggage very quietly—I'll do him that justice—stepping about on tiptoe, and now and then glancing curiously at my immovable *vis-à-vis*. Then he sat down, and opened a book, in which he was soon completely absorbed.

I glanced again at the long legs and huge frame, and sighed with very mixed feelings as I realised with growing dismay that the wildest stretch of imagination could not possibly give to my champion more than five feet two. What chance was there that such a diminutive protector could impress with any fear an enterprising thief six feet two?

My meditations were interrupted by a sudden remark—"I trust that your father is not very ill. How still he is!"

Although his tones were most respectful, I thought it better to answer frigidly—

"No, he is not ill, only rather tired." Then, remembering that my father was to meet me at Edinburgh, I added hurriedly, and, I fear, with less dignity, "He is not my father, he is—my uncle."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," he answered, so humbly that, notwithstanding a curious look in his eyes I could not quite make out, I felt mollified. I began to think he was rather nice, and that, after all, he might very well be a harmless young man going North for some shooting.

But my cheerful attitude of mind was soon again shattered with a horrible thought—what would become of me if he went farther than I, and I had to bundle out of the carriage under his honest eyes, with my "uncle" in my arms? I must try and ascertain where he was going to. After some hesitation I summoned up sufficient courage to inquire, in as unconcerned a voice as I could assume—

"Are you going far?"

"Only as far as Perth," said the pleasant voice.

But, alas! these musical tones did not undo the fact that I would have to leave the train first, and be thought utterly foolish by this stranger, whom I was beginning to regard with ever-increasing approbation. What good taste he showed in not taking my question as an excuse for engaging me in a long conversation!

All at once there was a great lurch of the train, and something gave way in my construction; what had hitherto done duty for the head suddenly collapsed.

"By Jove! he's moved!" cried my young man, in tones which unmistakably meant: "I was watching intently for some sign of life from that mysterious heap."

I dared not look at the rash speaker, and hardly heard his confused and murmured apology, for I feared instant detection, but I managed to answer with assumed calmness—

"Hush! Please don't make a noise, or you'll wake him up."

It was no easy matter to readjust the disarranged covering, and, try all I knew, I could not succeed in restoring the head to its former position. It refused to stick up properly, until I felt inclined to slap it for its stupidity. Besides, I was made nervous by the consciousness that two eyes were covertly watching me.

The evening was wearing on, and I should have been comparatively happy had I not found the cold, which every instant grew more intense, very hard to bear. All my wraps and rugs had been used up for my "uncle's" benefit, and now my teeth chattered and I shivered miserably.

Presently we pulled up at another station, and my companion got out at once. Now was my chance. I might, perhaps, be able to change carriages before his return. I looked in vain for the guard. At last I caught sight of him at the extreme end of the platform in deep conversation with my friend, who at that instant came running back, exclaiming as he entered the compartment—

"What a cold night, and at this time of year too!"

The engine whistled; we were already moving, when the guard suddenly appeared at the open window with a lovely rug of soft brown fur, which he dropped on my knees, saying—

"Here, Miss, is a rug for you. It belongs to the station-master, but he is always glad to lend it to anyone who may want it for the night." And he was gone.

"Oh, how kind!" I exclaimed as I wrapped myself up in the beautiful fur, large enough to envelop me from head to foot.

The warmth was delightful. I felt so snug and comfortable that a pleasant drowsiness soon stole over me, and I should have slept had I not feared that my "uncle" might play me some tricks.

"Allow me to close this window," said a voice in my ear. I started up. Why? I must have been asleep, after all; and now I was very much startled, for there, looming over me,

stood the giant of my dreams struggling with the recalcitrant window.

"Thank you!" I murmured, still rather dazed, and wondering where I was. But the whole situation came back to me as my glance fell on my "uncle" safe in his place.

Alas! almost at the same instant a violent jerk of the train took the young man by surprise; and, unable to regain his balance, he fell backward on to the seat facing me.

I think we both screamed—at least, I am sure that I did. "Oh! you have killed him!" I cried, hardly knowing what I said, and, flinging off the rug from my knees, I rose to face with despair and shame the disclosures that must immediately follow.

The rugs and shawls, so carefully disposed, had slipped off, so that when the poor culprit, confused and horrified at what he had done, jumped up hurriedly, it was to see my dressing-bag, plainly betraying by its position the important part it had played in the anatomy of my "uncle." The holdall, forsaking the mangled body, had rolled away to the extreme end of the seat, while the pillow, which had formed part of the head and shoulders, remained a shapeless heap, squashed flat by the considerable weight that had fallen on it.

After a moment of deep silence I ventured to look timidly at the murderer, and then—would you believe it, Minnie?—I burst out laughing! I could not help it, for his face was quite too funny as he gazed mournfully at the scattered remains of my relative. The whole scene was so ridiculous that he seemed quite relieved when I laughed, and he laughed too; and we both laughed till our eyes were full of tears. Still, I suppose he saw that I was rather ashamed of my foolish conduct, for as soon as he could speak he exclaimed—

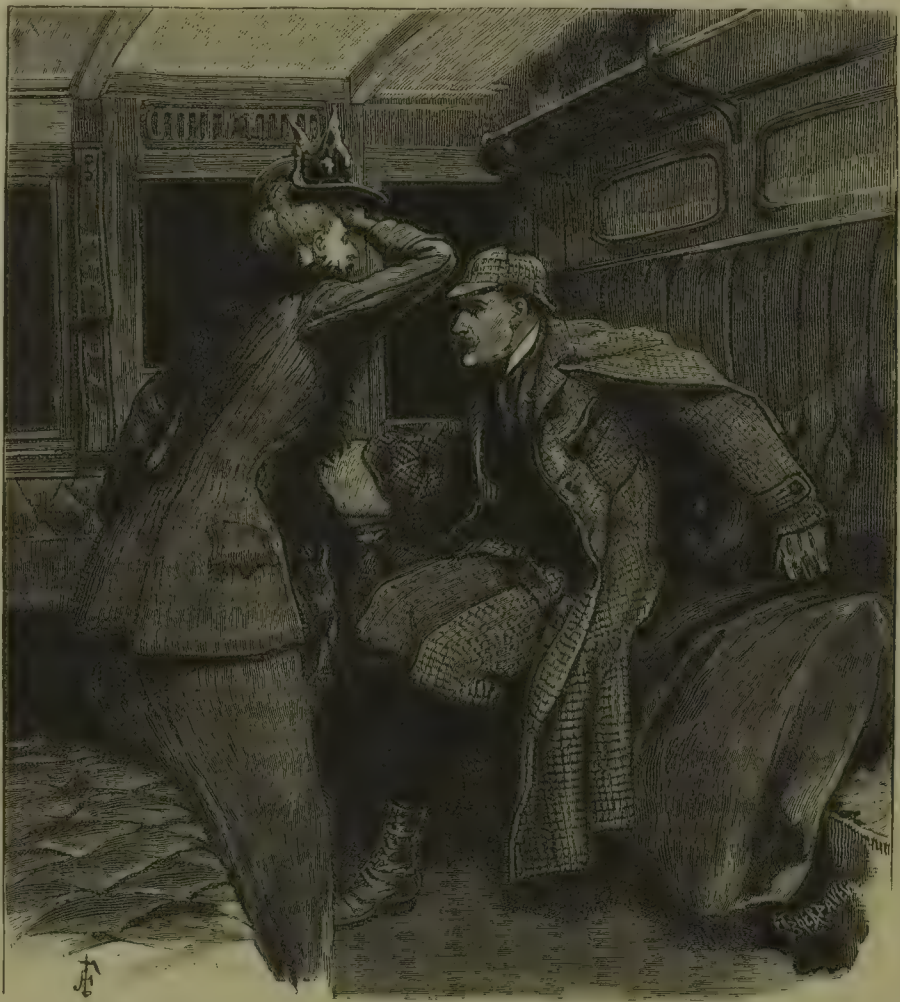
"A capital idea! Capital! and so well carried out, too! I never saw anything so well done before."

I said nothing, and was very glad he never asked any questions, for how could I have explained to him the reason of my weak attempt to protect myself?

He helped me to gather together all my belongings, and we restored the carriage to something like order again. I saw him laughing quietly as he put my dressing-bag into the net, while I promptly hid the pillow behind me, feeling very thankful that the whole thing had ended so satisfactorily.

Then we began to talk; for this incident had made us feel like old friends. He told me that he knew me well by sight, having often seen me at the house of the Filbert-Jones's, and that he had recognised me at once. He said a great many very nice things, and we had a lovely talk.

I was actually quite sorry when we reached Edinburgh. There was just time enough to introduce him to my father, who had come to meet me, and Mr. Middleton—that's Hugh—asked if he might be allowed to call in a day or two, when he would be coming South again. Naturally, papa could not refuse, but he was just a little cross with me afterwards. He told me it was very unladylike to pick up with people one



A violent jerk of the train took the young man by surprise; and, unable to regain his balance, he fell backward on to the seat facing me.

knew nothing of while travelling—as if I had not done everything in my power to avoid being spoken to—but, of course, I could not tell him about my "uncle."

And now, my dear Minnie, I am sure you can imagine the rest, and I hope that some day you may be as happy as I am, although I fear there is little chance of it, because there is only one Hugh in the whole world.

I must stop now, for he has just come and we are going out for a walk. Write soon to, Yours lovingly—MAGGIE.

Would you believe it, Minnie?—he has not yet once told me that he knew all along that my "uncle" was a dummy! Is he not a dear?

ART NOTES.

Mr. A. Weedon has on more than one occasion shown his appreciation of English scenery, and more than one county or district has before now furnished him subjects for an attractive exhibition. We doubt, however, if he has ever yet done so well as in the threescore pictures now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, by which he illustrates that most attractive of the home counties—Kent. As a painter of direct landscape in pure water-colours, Mr. Weedon has few superiors among contemporary artists; and in the treatment of cloud and atmosphere he displays greater resources and a more sensitive eye than are often met with among his brethren of the brush. His skill in this respect is seen to advantage in the colours of the sky "In the Marshes near Sandwich," through which the Stour takes its sluggish course. There are at least half-a-dozen pictures dealing with this little corner of Kent, which indicate more than ordinary power, as well as an eye for the picturesque qualities of the scenery. The most important picture of the collection not unnaturally deals with Canterbury, of which the view from the side of the hill leading up to Hales Place gives the spectator a better idea of what the old cathedral city was in the days of its splendour than does a closer inspection of its modernised streets and houses. Penshurst, the home of the Sidneys; Hever Castle, Anne Boleyn's early home, now a farm-house; Aylesford and Ightham, are all interesting relics of the past; and, if nothing now remains of the castle of "Reynold Cobham," where Charles, Duke of Orleans, passed the last few months of his long detention in England after the Battle of Agincourt, we may yet hope that the present beauties of Groombridge, as depicted by Mr. Weedon, were not altogether wanting to beguile the weary hours of the royal poet, who, when the hour of release and ransom arrived, was able to say—

A confort dist qu'il me conduye,
Car je ne m'en scauvoie aler;
J'avoie la vue esblouye
Et ne cessoye de pleurer.

In the ante-room of the same gallery Mrs. Evelyn Heathcote exhibits some forty or fifty drawings made in the country where Shelley's last few years were spent. Northern Italy, from Venice and the Euganean Hills to Spezia and Via Reggia, inspired Shelley with some of his brightest and happiest thoughts; and his keen sense of the beauties of nature was aroused by surroundings as varied as they are permanent. Mrs. Heathcote recalls many of these scenes, and gives form and colour to many of the poet's vaguer descriptions. In some instances, as in the harmonious mingling of sea and sky—"Heaven's ever-changing shadow spread below"—in the blue mountains above the Baths of Lucca, and in "the orange-light of widening morn," she has been especially successful, and displays something more than the qualities of an amateur.

At the Japanese Gallery, across the street, another poet's country—Lord Tennyson's—has been charmingly illustrated by Mr. Edward Hull, under whose guidance we find ourselves in presence of "actualities." "Somersby Rectory," the Laureate's birthplace, Louth, where he passed his school-days, Aldworth and Faringford, the homes between which he now divides his life, are spots which must arouse interest in all. Each and all have been described by the poet in his verses, and it is with pleasure that we welcome this grouping together of scenes which have inspired some of the best descriptions of scenery to be found in the English language. Mr. Hull is a skilful artist, and has the good taste not to aim at giving to his sketches more than the subject under his eye presents.

Mr. Wilfrid Ball's work, of which some good specimens are to be seen at Messrs. Dunthorne's Gallery (Vigo Street), is



always characterised by neatness and dexterity. In Nuremberg, the well known, and Rothenburg, the little known, he has found numerous subjects worthy of his pencil and brush. The first-named city, beloved of artists, now finds a fresh application of the old saying—

Nürnberg's Hand
Geht durch alles Land;

but Rothenburg, on the Tauber, has only lately come into fashion. Lying out of the beaten track of tourists, the quaint picturesqueness of the old capital of Middle Franconia long escaped notice, and perhaps those who knew it in its seclusion of twenty years ago may regret that its repose is now broken more and more as the years come round by the hurrying feet of strangers. Its red roofs, with their high gables, its quaintly latticed windows opening on to fantastic Plätze, and, above all, its wonderfully preserved walls, with their noble gateways and picturesque drawbridges, are memories of bygone days which we gladly recall. Mr. Wilfrid Ball, with the eye of the true artist, has seized upon some of the most attractive points of these two old-world cities, and, with strict regard to truth, has produced a series of sketches which have rarely been surpassed for variety and wealth of detail and effect. If he is well advised, he will not, however, limit himself to Rothenburg, delightfully inspiring as it is to the artist, but will push his wanderings further afield. There is scarcely a town between Hanau and Ingolstadt—for the most part still only accessible by the *stellwagen*—where he will not find subjects worthy of his skill and notable for their association with the past.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.

As in all Christian lands, Christmas is regarded in Italy as a high religious and social festival. The midnight mass which inaugurates the feast is attended by every person who is able to walk, even by those who are not usually churchgoers. In the country people often have to go long distances in the dark to reach the church, and they beguile the weary road by singing hymns and laudi at the top of their voices. At the beginning of the novena, or nine days of preparatory prayer, preceding Christmas, the pifferari, with their bagpipes, patrol the roads, playing old tunes at every roadside shrine. They used formerly to come into the towns, but this has been prohibited by recent municipal enactments. The sound of these bagpipes, less shrill than the Scotch ones and more artistically played, when prolonged by the echoes of the hills, is not unpleasant, and has something of an old-world character. One does not quite see what harm there was in their playing in the city streets; perhaps they were stopped because they attracted crowds, or, at all events, groups of listeners. In the churches, presepi, or mangers, are erected, containing figures of the infant Jesus, His mother, and St. Joseph, sometimes surrounded by shepherds and angels, but always with the traditional animals—the ass and the cow. These presepi are often by no means inartistic. A certain Neapolitan, named Bon Giovanni, was very famous for his skill in modelling these figures. They are also sometimes put up in the houses, where, like in the churches, they remain until Epiphany. Certain arrangements, called ceppi, are also prepared for children. The word ceppo means a log, and is probably a traditional relation to the Yule-log of the North. The ceppo is made of three rods or canes fastened together at the top, having a small platform at the bottom; this is wound about with coloured and gilt paper, and hung with gilt walnuts, oranges, and raisins. The gifts are placed on the platform at the bottom, which is covered with moss and has a small waxen figure of the infant Jesus lying in the middle. Recently the German Christmas-tree has become popular in Italy, introduced, no doubt, by Queen Margaret, who had a German mother.

Christmas in Italy, like Christmas in other countries, is celebrated as a feast for eating. It is here attended by a terrible massacre of capons, for no Italian would think it was Christmas if his table did not boast of a boiled capon. They evidently agree with Henry of Navarre that this dish constitutes the height of felicity and prosperity. The peasants who fill the streets for days before Christmas each carry at least one pair of these luckless fowls, head downwards, tied by the legs, and emitting piteous sounds; sometimes they will have as many as four or five. For weeks beforehand numbers of these animals are kept fattening in town and country, usually in the cellars, whence, especially in the small hours of the morning, there is apt to come a stifled and ghostly crow; the latter season is therefore marked by a perpetual crowing, which never seems to cease, day or night. Sometimes the gobble of a turkey diversifies the entertainment. Not infrequently the doomed bird walks about the room in amicable intimacy with the family who propose to devour it, until the fatal day arrives.

On Christmas Eve, or still oftener on New Year's Eve, the peasants go about to each other's houses in disguise, and play all sorts of practical jokes, which not infrequently lead to hard knocks. In Bologna there is a custom on New Year's Eve of putting a pentola (an earthenware saucepan) in each corner of the room—one full of ashes, another containing a key, a third a ring, and the fourth full of water. The persons present are blindfolded, led into the middle of the room, and turned about three times in the usual fashion: then they walk towards the earthen pots and touch one of them. According to which they touch will be their fate in the ensuing year. The ashes betoken death, the water forebodes tears, the key means that the person will remain at home (that is, will not be married), and the ring that he or she will be married within the year. This game is usually played by girls. The Christmas festivities last until the Epiphany, and indeed there is a rhyme which says: "Quando viene l'Epifania tutte le feste le porta via" (when Epiphany comes she carries all the feasts away with her). In nearly all the regions of Italy it is the custom on that day to build up a figure in the shape of an old woman, which is carried about the town until night, like the English guy, and burnt at sunset. This figure is called La Befana, a corruption of Epiphania. The old woman is supposed to be a bringer of gifts, like Santa Claus and the Christkindlein; hence, it is surely rather ungrateful to burn her. In Florence, on the eve of the Epiphany, the streets resound with the blasts of innumerable horns, which bray in the most unmelodious fashion; they are always played by boys, and are supposed to commemorate the wanderings of the Wise Men seeking for the Holy Child. These trumpets are made in all manner of shapes, but the most classical and the most generally adopted are of glass and of a very beautiful shape. They are so graceful, indeed, that strangers often buy them in order to use them as flower-vases; hence they are much sought after, but for some mysterious reason they can never be found at any other period of the year. It is impossible to discover what becomes of the remaining unsold stock. Of late, unfortunately, the trumpets are too often made of tin. It is traditional with the monelli (street-boys) who use them to destroy them when they are done with. It is the custom among the Florentine boys who blow these instruments of torture to congregate under the beautiful loggia of the Mercato Nuovo, and the noise they make there is positively deafening.

There are some interesting traditions connected with the Christmas services. Thus, it is believed that special graces may be obtained at the midnight mass if the whole of the novena has been carefully observed. Where the church is at some distance, as is often the case in thinly populated districts, this involves no small expenditure of time and trouble.

The Communion of the Sick, which goes about the streets of the town at this season with its bell and its canopy, and its compagna, or brotherhood, in attendance, is a striking feature. This is for the benefit of such invalids as are not able to leave their homes, for, as Christmas is one of the seasons at which taking the sacrament is general, it is needful to make some such provision. These small processions are oftenest seen in the early morning, that being the hour at which invalids are best prepared for the ceremony. In Rome the use of the bell is no longer permitted, a fact which has caused great scandal among the faithful. The midnight masses in the great churches are sometimes very magnificent, and they often have very fine music; the adornments of the altars are also fine, as all the most splendid properties are then brought to light. But there is something more touching and more in keeping with the origin of the festival in a midnight mass in a small church in the country, to which peasants come over hill and dale through the darkness and often through the snow, while the old people wait at home telling their beads, and, unless they cannot leave their beds, falling on their knees at the moment when they hear the bells which announce that the host has been elevated in the church. The next day they need not work, and they can carry home a little waxen image or a picture to the children.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE JUBILEE

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

ON JANUARY 2, 1892.

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will commence its HUNDREDTH VOLUME, and on May 9 will complete its FIFTIETH YEAR. No effort will be spared to maintain its high position in Pictorial Journalism, and the New Volumes will be singularly rich on both the Artistic and the Literary Side, while now, as ever, SPECIAL, AND INDEED PRIMARY, IMPORTANCE WILL BE ATTACHED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF CURRENT EVENTS.

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HUMOROUS SKETCHES OF MODERN LIFE.

By J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

THE PLAYHOUSES. By CLEMENT SCOTT.

VIGNETTES OF HAMPSHIRE LIFE.

By the Author of "Mademoiselle Ixe."

VIGNETTES OF CORNISH LIFE. By "Q."

SOME PICTURESQUE ASPECTS OF THE EAST-END.

By CLEMENTINA BLACK

FROM BERLIN TO BUDA-PESTH ON BICYCLES.

By JOSEPH and ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

THE SEVEN DELIGHTS. By BARRY PAIN.

CAT SHOWS, BIRD SHOWS, DOG SHOWS.

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"THE BEACH OF FALÉSA."

A Serial Story. By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

PICTURES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

By OLIVE SCHREINER.

A SERIAL STORY

By J. M. BARRIE.

THE JEW AT HOME.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

III.—IN RUSSIA (*Concluded*).

As he comes westward, the Jew does not put off his Russian ways with the Russian yoke. It is because he remains practically the same, his peculiarities exaggerated rather than toned down, when he settles himself in Austria and Hungary, that it is so much more instructive just now to study him in those countries than in Russia. It is but the occasional Russian Jew who pushes himself to the front and makes his way to and in the Hungarian capital; for, though Budapest is fast becoming a great Jewish town, the majority of its rich Jews are Germans or Hungarians. The Russian or Polish Jew there, as a rule, is as greasy and dirty and poor as in Berdicheff. When he does, so exceptionally, rise in the Hungarian world, this is the manner of his rising, as Hungarians explain it: In the first generation he comes to Máramaros Sziget, or some other town near the frontier; in the second, he keeps an inn in the mountains of Máramaros or Transylvania, or, better still, in the great Hungarian plain; in the third, he reaches Budapest; in the fourth, he makes his fortune; in the fifth, he spends it, and goes back to begin all over again; and it must be borne in mind that it is not the fifth—of whom something might be made—but the first, with whom we have to deal under Baron Hirsch's great scheme. The majority remain as I have described them in Sziget and Brody, indifferent to all the decencies of life, reviving the grotesque curls of which they are shorn in Russia, and relapsing into the dirt in which—and perhaps this is one of their chief grievances against the Russian Government—they are not so free to wallow in Russia. Unpleasant as is Berdicheff, it is beautifully clean compared to the Jewish quarters of Sziget and Brody. With their liberty, they sink deeper into, instead of seeking to escape from, the degradation which we are charitable enough to think entirely the result of Russian persecution. They like dirt; they like to herd together in human pigsties; they like to live on worse than nothing—on food which would not be enough even for the abstemious Slovak; they like to make money out of the immorality of the Christian. They are simply a race of middlemen and money-changers. Is it any wonder, then, that in Austro-Hungary the people feel about them very much as the American felt about the Chinamen? Nor does the Polish Jew do better when he moves or is moved still further westward. Ask the White-chapel workman what he thinks of the Polish Jew, who, because he can exist on a miserable wage, threatens to supplant the native. Or ask the New Yorker, who has to come in contact with him in the struggle for bread-and-butter, his opinion of the 35,000 now living in and about the Bowery.

To see the Polish Jew at home is to understand the desire of Continental philanthropists to establish him in colonies over sea. To get rid of him is the sole object of Russians, to keep him out of their country the chief end of Austrians and Hungarians. Jews of other nationalities themselves are as eager to be done with him for ever. Millionaires of Hamburg give their thousands cheerfully to encourage a new Exodus which will prevent his settling in Germany, and perhaps injuring the millionaires' business; what he does in England and America is of no importance to the gentlemen of Hamburg. Scattered here and there, singly and alone, the Polish Jew might become as desirable a citizen as anyone else. Brought away in families and

colonies, as the Austrian or Hungarian knows, he is as serious a demoralising factor in the community as the Chinaman, and to be kept out at any cost. Even the Turk, himself not an over-clean animal, knows this, and refuses to receive Jewish families into the Ottoman Empire, basing his refusal on sanitary grounds. Probably Austrians and Hungarians will hold their peace until the present emigration fever is over, for the more who are transported to lands far from Russia the

fewer will be left to come crowding across the frontier into Austro-Hungary.

Anyone who has travelled the main Russian railway from the great junction where the lines from St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, and Odessa come together, down to Woloczyska, knows why the Austrian fears the Jew. Into the towns which lie near this line for years the Russians have been pushing the Jews. Every town overflows with them. As you pass in the train you see their long black figures stalking across the fields, and as your carriage comes to a stop you imagine you have arrived in a new Jerusalem. The merest wayside station is crowded with them; they block up the exits and the entrances; comparatively few get on or off the train, though these Jews will travel any distance if by doing so they can handle enough money to cover their railway-ticket. The excuse which permits them to overrun the Russian railway-stations is that they have come for their letters. But, while you may see one or two get a post-card, fifty or a hundred are simply standing there waiting for something to turn up. If the Russians have been able to concentrate such a large proportion of their Jewish population right on the Austrian frontier, the Austrians, who know both the Russians and the Jews, will ask you what there is to prevent the former from some day dumping these poor, wretched, useless people right into their country? It is this dread which has been the greatest ally of Baron Hirsch in his own land; to say that the Russians would be afraid of the consequences is not to know anything about the country or the people. It is this dread which is enabling Baron Hirsch to buy land in the Argentine Republic at four times its value, and to transplant thither his brethren, of whom he is so terribly anxious to be rid. But, according to the latest advices from South America, they have no intention of causing the desert to blossom as the rose, and they are leaving their farms and their stock and are making for the more promising pastures in the heart of the South American cities.

That the Polish Jews are only too ready to accept the money given them and to journey to far countries can be explained without referring to the tyranny from which they are supposed to long to escape. Peasants at home in a land and attached to the soil would often be as ready. The poor Jew thinks, as so many other and better men have thought before him, that once in America or England his fortune is made; and he arrives there usually only to be sweated as he was at home, only to live as miserably and wretchedly. He is no better off, while the people into whose midst he is brought are far worse off. There is no more pathetic figure in history than this poor wretch whom nobody wants, who is an outcast wherever he goes. When we see him at a respectful distance, all our sympathies are stirred and we welcome any movement in his behalf. But the better we know him, the more anxious we are that someone else, not ourselves, should be chosen to solve his problem.



A STREET, BERDICHEFF.



BARGAINING IN THE BAZAAR, BERDICHEFF.



PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME.

DRAWN BY ADOLPH BIRKENRUTH.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A Continental chaplain, in the *Contemporary Pulpit*, gives a doleful account of his experiences. He tells how he once took from the chaplain's box in the hotel room used as a chapel a bottle of wine, a portion of which he transferred to the chalice. Just as he was about to receive the consecrated wine, he nearly fainted with dismay, for the wine was as sharp as red ink. His feelings as he watched the facial contortions of the little kneeling company are more easily imagined than described. Afterwards he learned from the head waiter that the bottle had been opened by the chaplain of the previous season, nine months before, but not used. The bottle had been corked up again, but not effectually enough to prevent disaster.

The Salvation Army are about to issue a report of their first year's social work. I understand that a few gentlemen, who have banded themselves together for a searching investigation into the methods and results, are also about to issue a pamphlet on the subject. Statistics are also being prepared of the religious results of the Army's work in the East-End of London and in one or two towns. The conclusions reached are very adverse to the Army, it being maintained that the results are infinitesimal, while the expenditure is enormous. A lively controversy may be expected.

The chief theme in ecclesiastical circles is the Labourers' Conference. It is urged by the Nonconformist papers that the avowed hostility of the labourer to the "parson" is a call to the Liberals to take Disestablishment in hand. The leading Church paper says "there was a curious unanimity" in the dislike of the delegates to have their church affairs "bossed by the parson." It suggests that the secret of useful clerical influence lies in being not "boss," but *servus servorum*. It claims that Mr. Gladstone had no sympathy with the labourer's views about the "parson," though he allowed them to pass in silence.

Dr. Pigou, the new Dean of Bristol, vindicates himself from the charge of neglecting his work as Dean of Chichester. He admits his frequent absence from his stall, but says that he was absent preaching elsewhere, and thinks that in that way he accomplished more good. He insisted on a high standard of worship, "such as reasonable Churchmen could take no exception to."

Dean Burgon's "Life," by Dr. Goulburn, is being somewhat unfavourably criticised. But the biographer, though he shares most of the opinions of Dean Burgon, has no sympathy with his asperity, and writes in a calm, charitable, and candid tone. There is a fair proportion of good stories, and the letters are interesting, though not always in the best taste.

The Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, who erected the beautiful church at Hoar Cross, Burton-on-Trent, where Canon Knox Little is vicar, has given the site for a new church at Siddal, a suburb of Halifax.

The notices of the late Mrs. Kingsley have been singularly meagre, and are apparently all from the same hand. Her gifted daughter, "Lucas Malet," will doubtless do justice to her mother's memory. She was much more than an amanuensis, and the veiled allusions to her in her husband's books, especially in "Yeast," would be well worth collecting.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

SORRENTO (Dawlish) AND OTHERS.—In Problem No. 2488, if, 1. P to R 8th (a Queen), K to Q 3rd, 2. B to Kt 3rd (ch), Kt to B 5th is the defence you have overlooked.

J. F. STEWART.—The position seems now perfectly correct. If no flaw is disclosed on further examination, it shall appear.

P. H. WILLIAMS.—Kindly send us another copy of your three-mover.

J. S. S.—Your message has been forwarded.

COLONEL D.—Gossip's "Theory of the Chess Openings," published by W. H. Allen, will serve your purpose.

J. HANCOCK.—The threatened mate can be solved in several ways.

P. T. SILK.—You have omitted to notice that White gave the odds of Q.R.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2483 received from G. S. Kirby (Oregon) and E. G. Holden (Astoria); of No. 2483 from B. G. Holden; of No. 2486 from E. G. Boys, J. H. Tansier (Heppen), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 2487 from H. N. (Bournemouth), Nellie Gales, Captain J. A. Challice, E. G. Boys, Rev. Winfield Cooper, and J. H. Tansier.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2488 received from Martin P., Julia Short (Exeter), E. G. Boys, E. H. H. (Mrs. Wilson) (Plymouth), T. G. Ware, J. Cond, R. H. Brooks, Shadforth, T. Roberts, E. Waters (Canterbury), Dane, J. L. (Dorset), D. M. O'Connell, W. Wright, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W. H. H. (Blackpool), J. F. Moon, W. R. Baillem, Dr. F. St. Alpha, H. B. Hurford, Dawn, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), K. Louden, Howick, B. D. Knox, P. G. Thomas (Brighton), G. Joicey, Admiral Brandreth, and A. Newman.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2486.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE.
1. B to Kt 3rd
2. Q to B 6th (ch)
3. Q to Kt 6th. Mate.

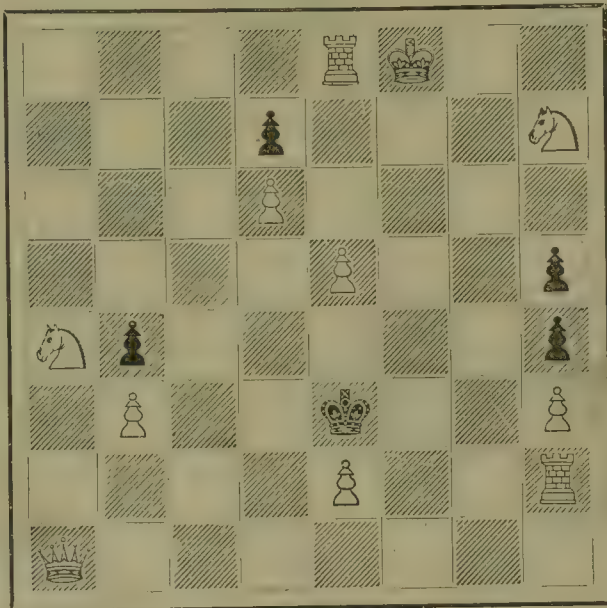
BLACK.
K to B 4th
K to Kt 5th

If Black play 1. K to K 6th; 2. Q to K sq (ch), K to Q 5th or takes P; 3. Kt mates if 1. P to Q 7th; 2. Kt to K 6th (ch), K moves; 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 2490.

By E. B. SCHWANN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following pair of games between Mr. S. TINSLEY and an Amateur are given as examples of a somewhat uncommon opening.

(Queen's Pianchetto.)

WHITE (Amateur). BLACK (Mr. T.)

1. P to K 4th P to Q Kt 3rd

This is a favourite opening with Mr. Tinsley, both as first and second player.

We may add that his long practical experience of the debits constitutes him an authority on the subject.

2. P to Q 4th B to Kt 2nd

3. B to K 3rd P to K 3rd

4. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Kt 5th

5. B to Q 2nd B takes Kt

An exchange all in favour of the second player. It should be prevented by P to Q R 3rd.

6. B takes B Kt to K B 3rd

7. Q to K 2nd Q to K 2nd

8. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q R 3rd

Important, to prevent the exchange of the Bishop after bringing out Q Kt.

9. Castles (K R) P to K R 3rd

10. Q R to Q sq P to K Kt 4th

WHITE (Amateur). BLACK (Mr. T.)

1. P to K 4th P to Q Kt 3rd

2. P to Q 4th B to Kt 2nd

3. P to Q 5th P to K 3rd

4. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Kt 5th

5. K Kt to K 2nd Q to K 2nd

A move Black claims to have invented, and an important feature about this point in every game.

6. Q to K 4th Kt to K B 3rd

7. B to Kt 5th B takes Kt (ch)

8. Kt takes B P takes P

9. B takes Kt P takes B

Retaining the Pawn and getting a file open, in case White should Castle K.R.

10. Castles P takes P

11. B to B 4th P to K Kt sq

12. Kt to Q 5th B takes Kt

WHITE (Amateur). BLACK (Mr. T.)

11. P to Q 5th P to Kt 5th

12. B takes Kt Q takes B

13. P takes P

A blunder or miscalculation, which leads to a pretty finish.

14. P takes B P (ch) Q takes P

15. Q to K 3rd R to K Kt sq

16. P to K Kt 3rd Kt to B 3rd

17. P to Q Kt 3rd Kt to K 4th

18. Q takes R P Castles (Q R)

19. B to B 4th P to Q 4th

20. P takes P R to Kt 3rd

21. Q to K 3rd Q to B 4th

22. K to R sq Q to R 6th

23. R to Kt sq Q takes P (ch)

A pretty ending; but Kt to Kt 5th is equally effective.

24. K takes Q R to R sq (ch)

And Black wins.

WHITE (Amateur). BLACK (Mr. T.)

13. B takes B Kt to B 3rd

14. B takes Kt P takes B

15. Q to B 4th Q to K 3rd

16. Q to R 6th K to K 2nd

17. P to K B 3rd

Rather thin. Of course if P takes P the Black Queen is lost.

17. R takes P

This loses the game. White is too much bent on the attack to be aware of danger at home.

18. Q takes R P

19. Q takes P (ch) K to B sq

20. K to Q 5th (ch) R takes R

21. Q takes R (ch) K to Kt 2nd

Black wins.

We give our usual selection of various chess positions to use up some of the spare time that is always plentiful at Christmas:—

By C. A. GILBERG.

White: K at Q B 6th, Q at K R sq, R at K sq, Bs at K 2nd and Q 2nd, Kts at K B 5th and K 8th, Ps at Q 6th and K Kt 3rd.
Black: K at K 5th, Kts at K B 6th and K Kt 5th, Ps at Q B 2nd, K 3rd and 4th, and K Kt 5th. White to play, mate in two moves.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

White: K at Q 5th, Q at Q sq, R at K R 2nd, B at Q Kt 4th.
Black: K at Q Kt 7th, B at Q B 7th, Ps at Q Kt 3rd, Q Kt 6th, and Q R 7th. White to play and mate in three moves.

By F. HEALEY.

White: K at Q B 4th, Q at Q R 3rd, B at Q Kt 6th, Kt at Q B 6th, Ps at K Kt 4th and Q 5th.
Black: K at K 5th, B at K B 5th, Kt at K 8th, Ps at K 4th and K Kt 4th. White to play and mate in three moves.

End Game between Messrs. ENGLISH and ZUKERTORT.

White: K at K Kt 2nd, Q at Q Kt 3rd, Kt at Q 5th, Ps at Q B 7th, K B 3rd, K Kt 3rd, and K R 2nd.
Black: K at K sq, Q at Q B 3rd, Kt at K 3rd, Ps at Q R 2nd, K B 3rd, K Kt 2nd, and K R 3rd. White (Zukertort) to move and win.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I observe that certain details regarding mussel-poisoning have recently been laid before the scientific public in connection with the observations of a certain Argentine medical man who has studied the matter in that far-off region Tierra del Fuego itself. He quotes some opinions which are specially interesting, because they have reference to the phases of the moon as influencing mussel-life. It seems that the natives of Tierra del Fuego are in the habit of eating large quantities of mussels as part and parcel of their ordinary fare. The doctor in question tells us that the mussels are not injurious at their maximum period of growth (whatever that may mean), which corresponds, *mirabile dictu*, with the time of full moon. When the moon wanes, it is added, the mussels fall off in condition and become poisonous. It is further remarked that the poisonous properties of the mussels result from the death of the molluscs. The decomposing bodies of such as have succumbed liberate certain poisonous principles, known scientifically as *ptomaines*, which are absorbed by the living molluscs to the detriment of those who consume them; so that mussel-poisoning in Tierra del Fuego seems to be a condition they have always with them.

There are certain points in this report which, I confess, are not altogether satisfying to the scientific mind. Mussel-poisoning is, of course, a familiar enough fact. There occurred a literal epidemic of this nature at Leith somewhere about 1840, when it was shown that mussels which had been taken from the docks, or from ships in the docks, caused symptoms of poisoning, with a number of fatal cases; so that it cannot be denied that mussels may, under certain conditions, be dangerous as articles of food. But, unless mussel-life at Tierra del Fuego is decidedly more directly under lunar influence than mussel-life here, it is difficult to agree with the opinions of the Argentine medical man I have quoted. I know of no facts in molluscan history which teach that mussels develop and decline with the moon. This is teaching contrary to the biological facts about mussel-life at large, and I suspect the details in question have become swathed in some popular conception or other regarding lunar influence, similar to that which credits food exposed to the moon's rays with developing injurious qualities—a topic threshed out in these pages a year or so gone by. It is more feasible to suppose that if, from any cause, mussels die, they may give rise to putrefactive products capable of causing illness; though again, I confess, it is a moot point whether a living mussel can absorb such products and transmit them unchanged to its devourer. The item of news I have criticised seems to me to afford an excellent example of the care with which such reports should be scrutinised. People are apt to take for granted that such statements, made authoritatively, must needs be correct. This is often very far from the case, and a little reflection, backed, of course, by scientific knowledge, often suffices to dispel what would be otherwise a very alarming piece of news. I suspect, also, that when mussels, or any other description of shellfish, cause injurious symptoms, they are usually eaten in a raw state. Thorough cooking, in this respect, as in so many other dietetic phases, is the safety of the consumer.

What is this one hears about the chemical composition of the lettuce? Most readers know that the familiar item in our salads contains a certain substance known as *lactucarium*, or lettuce-opium, which derives its popular name from its presumed soporific or narcotic properties. I confess to a strong scepticism on the point of the said properties; for, if the lettuce was capable of inducing sleep, even in a mild degree, salad-eaters should be lulled into somnolence with an ease and celerity which would certainly be both noticeable and inconvenient. The juice of the lettuce, even when chemically separated and treated, has lost credit as a medicinal substance, and it is no longer used in pharmacy. But there comes to hand about the lettuce an item which is scientifically interesting, even if it is economically and socially unimportant. We are now told that chemists have discovered not only in lettuce, but also in cabbage, minute amounts of the active principle of belladonna and henbane, "hyoscyamine" by name. If, therefore, the lettuce be regarded as possessing any sedative properties whatever, it would seem that we should attribute these qualities not to the lettuce-opium *per se*, but to the hyoscyamine. A medical journal goes the length of stating that fatal results have followed the taking of large quantities of lettuce. May I be permitted to doubt this statement? There are people known to me—and I myself am a devout salad-eater—who certainly, on occasion, consume immoderate quantities of lettuce, and this without experiencing any untoward effects whatever. The next thing we shall be warned against will be the harmless lettuce, and it is well to prepare ourselves for the solemn, Cassandra-like attitude the medical prints are certain to assume. None the less, we may fearlessly enjoy the healthful salad. Is this warning "another injustice" to the vegetarians? Doubtless we shall hear of their vials of wrath being poured out upon the scientific alarmists.

I have been thinking over the literally marvellous ease with which anything that is unusual in the way of living acts or feats is set down to the possession of some "magnetic" force. The "Georgia Magnet" is the latest addition to the illustrations of this fact. I suppose that people know so little about electricity and magnetism that, on the *omne ignotum pro magifico* principle, what they cannot explain on simple grounds is at once relegated to the domain of the mysterious and uncanny. I am within the bounds of strict scientific reason when I allege that none of the feats of the lady who is performing under the name of the "Georgia Magnet" have any relation whatever to anything whatever in the way of magnetic force. There is simply no need whatever to suppose that anything but deft muscularity has to do with her success in resisting the force which she encounters. Mr. Maskelyne, I understand, says Mrs. Abbott's feats are due to her practised command of her muscles. There is the more reason to adopt this view from the fact that, if we compare the powers of an ordinary gymnast with those of an individual not given to indulge in muscular exercise, the former is seen to present us with what is literally an exceptional life when contrasted with the existence of the latter. I am often asked the question whether there could be such a thing as a "magnetic" or "electric" human being. My reply is, assuredly not, unless that being is made part and parcel of an electrical circuit, and receives and transmits (as in the joining of hands to convey a "shock" from a battery) the force or energy with which the body has been charged. Certain fishes are electrical—e.g., the electrical eel and torpedo (the latter a kind of skate)—but then each has a special organ, which transforms the nerve-force into electricity, by the law of correlation of forces, just as the motion of a bullet striking a target is converted into an equivalent of heat.

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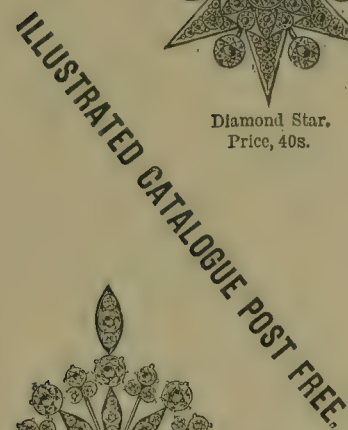
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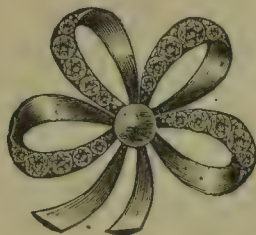
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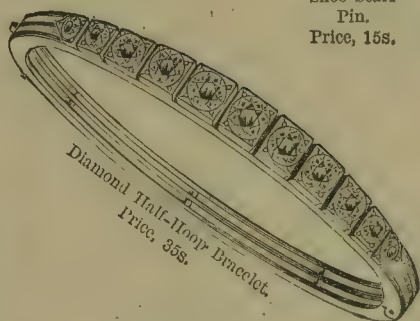
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is clear that the Prince and Princess of Wales do not believe in long engagements. The Duke of Clarence's wedding is to follow as quickly on the betrothal as did that of the Duchess of Fife. The Prince and Princess of Wales themselves had a very short period of courting, for they met, "and took a warm liking for each other," in September, and were married in the following March. Already, either February or March is talked of for the wedding of the Duke of Clarence.

It would be a pity for young men and women, as a rule, to cut so short the happiest time of their lives. But in this case, though the formal engagement may be very short, the courtship has not been so, for it has been apparent for quite a long time that if the young people were allowed to follow their own inclinations this union would come about. It is nearly five years ago that, one evening, in going to the patrons' box at the Military Tournament, I passed the back of the royal box, and there I saw the Duke of Clarence in profile, so interested—oh! so absorbed—in a young lady sitting beside him, whose face I could not see, because she was looking steadily into the arena. No other member of the young Prince's family was there; so I stopped an instant to say to the footman at the door of the box, "Who is that beside Prince Edward?" "Princess May, Madam." Then I saw the figure of the Duchess of Teck further along the box, engaged in deep conversation with another lady, and I passed on, amused with the idea that I had chanced to see the handsome young Prince with his pretty little cousin's influence so visibly upon him—and that is a long time ago. How open the attachment appeared to others has been shown by the repeated rumours of the engagement that is now announced.

That the Duke of Clarence is handsome I am prepared to maintain; he is tall and elegant, and in the smart uniform of his corps looks as fit to be fallen in love with as the prince in a fairy tale. He has rather nervous, self-conscious manners, but, no doubt, that will wear off in time. The bride is very pretty, with a bright, almost daring look, which is a pleasant contrast to the general aspect of girl-princesses. Princess May looks merry, bright, and unaffected. She knows something nearer at hand than do most of her station of the cares and anxieties of life. In short, it is a piece of rare good fortune for the Duke of Clarence to have found a bride who has at one time royal descent and the upbringing of an English private home and personal charm for him; and if for all this he resigns possible wealth and near relationship to some other great potentate that he might have gained in his marriage, we women, at all events, will believe he has chosen wisely.

Great success has attended the lady students who went up for the latest examinations at London University. There were eighty-three candidates for the B.A. degree, and the large proportion of sixty-three were successful. The Bachelor of Medicine examination was taken by five ladies, of whom four passed. The Bachelor of Science degree had twenty-six candidates, of whom fourteen were successful, and twelve of these passed in the first class. This is in every case much above the ordinary average of passes. It is worthy of note that many of the successful students are quite young women, many of them only twenty or twenty-one years of age.

A very different sort of female skill has been on show during the week before Christmas in Regent Street. Thousands of dolls dressed by kind-hearted women for distribution, under the auspices of the manager of *Truth*, to the poor children in

hospitals and workhouse schools, have been shown to the public. Many of these toys are dressed in exact reproduction of historic costumes; others have fancy dresses of an elaborate and expensive kind. Children really care but little, however, for the intrinsic cost of their toys; and more genuine charity towards those destined to receive the gifts is shown by those who give many than by those who give one at equivalent cost. Fortunately, it takes little to make a child happy.

It is to be hoped that the Renaissance of the Ghost through which we are living will not be allowed to extend its influence to our children. The impressions which are cultivated in the first years of life are strong over the whole future. It is by the early development of the emotions that training—the training of the home educator—is given; for it is the ordinance of nature that the emotions should be far stronger in infancy and childhood than the reason. The young children who can be successfully approached through the reason, so far as the training of character is concerned, are the few; the emotions are active and powerful in all. Mothers cannot, therefore, guard too carefully against the tendency, so common unfortunately among nurses, to arouse and play upon the fear of a young child. If the habit of terror be induced, and especially if supernatural fears be encouraged, life-long struggles against irrational cowardice may be the result.

Fear, in its selfish aspect, is at once the most desolating form of human suffering and the most demoralising of habits of mind. Capacity for feeling fear is, indeed, an essential element in a fine character, for upon it reverence and caution are largely based. But few children require any stimulation of the emotion. On the contrary, it generally needs to be diminished. A child is a stranger in a world that has very much in it that is terrifying to the active, ignorant imagination—from the flash of the lightning to the faces that the dancing firelight draws upon the wall; from the mysterious void of the all-pervading darkness of night to the chance shadow of striking shape or colour that the steps hardly dare pass by in a broad flood of high-noon sunshine. What is needed in the training of this emotion in the vast majority of cases, therefore, is to subdue it by reason, by pride, by hope, and faith—not to encourage it by awesome tales or ghastly threats of supernatural horror.

Theosophists and proprietors of cheap publications are vying with each other just at present in cramming our servants' heads with silly yarns, pretending to be true tales of ghostly apparitions. It behoves us, therefore, to exercise such watchfulness as we can to prevent the mischievous influence of these catchpenny philosophers from shedding a baleful shadow over our timid children's minds.

We have received from Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. a pleasing selection of combined pocket diaries and card-cases, which leave a pleasant suggestion of daintiness and Russia leather. The same firm send a number of hanging calendars, with the usual selection of quotations for every day of the year, from the Bible and from the poets.

All the principal French painters in oil colours have sent a petition to the authorities calling attention to the bad quality of the pigments supplied to them by the trade, in consequence of which their pictures, they allege, deteriorate with alarming rapidity. They wish the inspectors of the Public Laboratory to turn their attention to the colour-factories, and see that inferior materials are not used.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Feb. 6, 1891) of the Right Hon. Cecil Ralph Howard, sixth Earl of Wicklow, late of Shelton Abbey, county Wicklow, who died on July 24, granted at Dublin to Fanny Catherine, Countess of Wicklow, the widow, and Marcus F. Beresford, the executors, was resealed in London on Dec. 12, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator gives his horses and carriages to his wife; his diamonds to his wife, for life, and then to his eldest son, Ralph Francis, now Earl of Wicklow; the furniture at Shelton Abbey, and all his plate (except certain plate given to his second son, Hugh Melville Howard), books, pictures, statuary, live stock, and farming stock and implements to his eldest son, but charged with the payment of £10,000 to his said second son; all the freehold, leasehold, chattel property, funds and securities he is entitled to under the will of Sir Ralph Howard to his said son, Hugh Melville; and the money in his possession and at his bankers' to his wife. He appoints his wife residuary legatee.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Berwick, of the disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 23, 1878) of the Hon. Robert Baillie-Hamilton, J.P., D.L., M.P. for Berwickshire 1874-80, late of Langton House, Dans, Berwickshire, who died on Sept. 5, granted to the Hon. Mrs. Mary Gavin Pringle or Baillie-Hamilton, the widow and sole executrix nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 5, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £45,000.

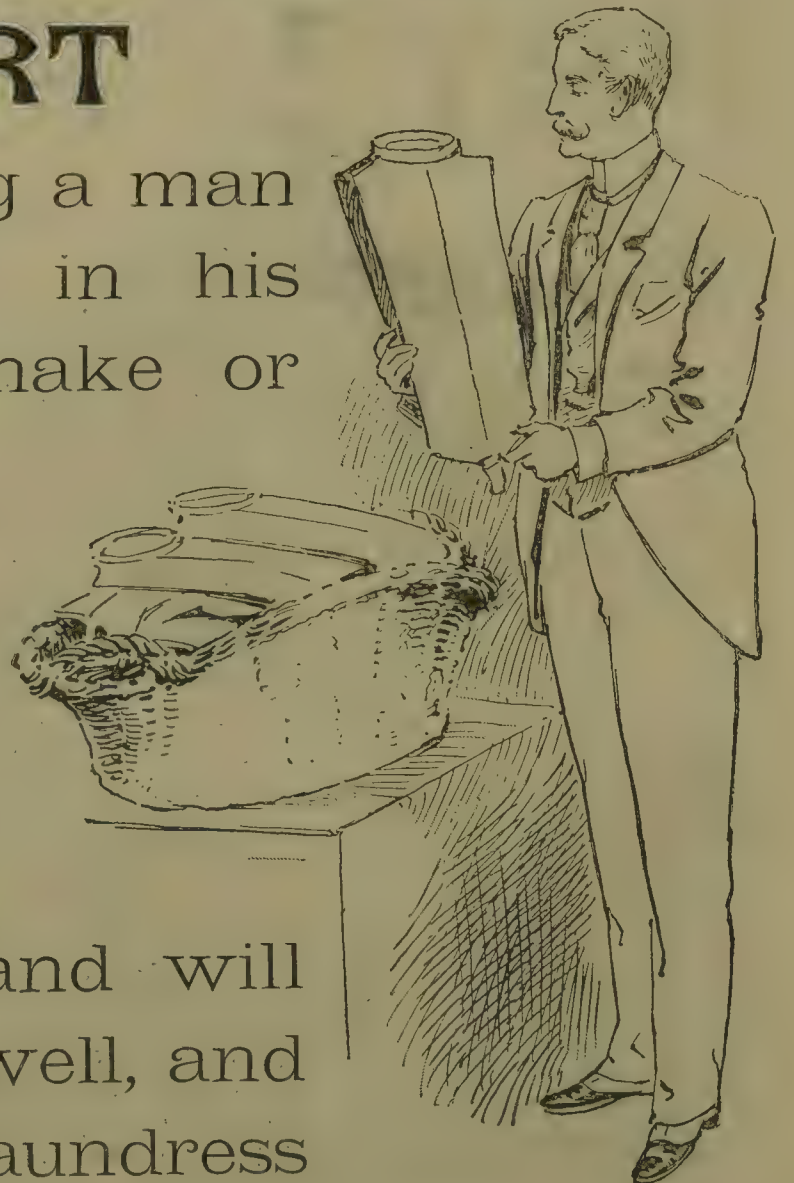
The will (dated Jan. 13, 1891), with two codicils, both dated July 25 following, of Mr. Robert Alger Newbon, late of 275, Upper Street and 15, Compton Terrace, Islington, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Dec. 14 by the Rev. William Bottomley Duggan, George Frederick Edwards, and Joseph Edmund Shephard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £138,000. The testator bequeathed £20,000 Two and Three-quarter per Cent. Consols upon trust, to apply the dividends for the benefit of the school or any other institutions in connection with the Chapel of Ease (Islington); £20,000 of the same stock to the National Life-boat Institution, provided that five life-boats are named "Ann Newbon," "Lucy Newbon," "Betsey Newbon," "Nancy Newbon," and "Bob Newbon," after himself and members of his family, to maintain in perpetuity the said five life-boats; £15,000 of the same stock to the Great Northern Hospital (Holloway Road), to endow a ward to be called "The Newbon Ward"; and £1000 of the same stock to each of the sixty-five following hospitals and charities—namely, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the London Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, the London Fever Hospital, the Seamen's Hospital Dreadnought, St. Mark's Hospital, the Central London Hospital for Throat and Ear, the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, the West-End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, the Small-Pox Hospital (Upper Holloway), the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, the Cancer Hospital (Fulham Road), Charing Cross Hospital, the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, the German Hospital, Guy's Hospital, the East London Hospital for Children, the Poplar Hospital for Accidents, the National Hospital for Diseases of the Heart, the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the Metropolitan Free Hospital, the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, St. Peter's Hospital for Stone, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), King's College Hospital, Westminster Hospital,

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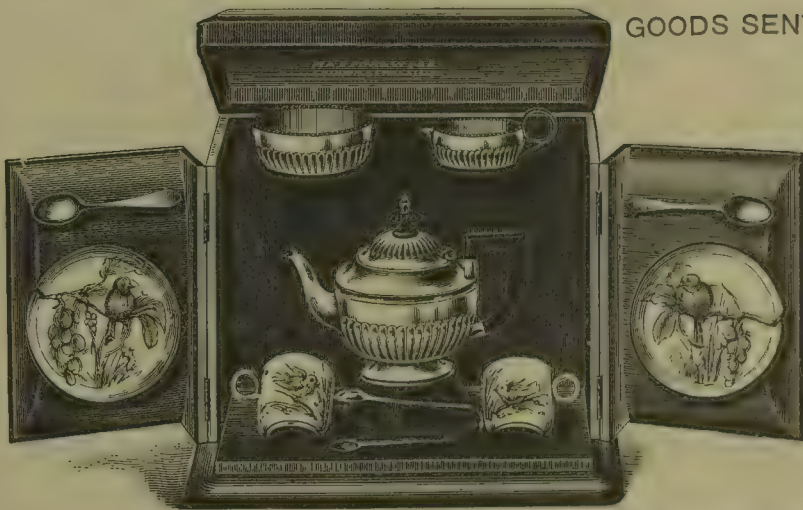
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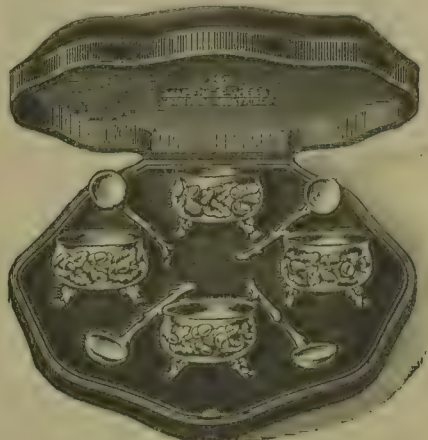
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The will (dated Dec. 27, 1890) of Mr. George Charles Reynolds, late of 10, Regent Street, S.W., was proved on Dec. 7 by Mrs. F. M. A. Reynolds, the widow, and John Wingrove Smith, the executors, the personal estate being sworn at £79,619 19s. 2d. With the exception of three souvenirs to friends, the bequests are entirely in his family.

The will (dated July 24, 1891), with a codicil (dated Aug. 10 following), of Mr. Arthur Hamilton Scrope, late of 88, St. James's Street, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Dec. 10 by Frederic Cox, Frederick John Blake, and Edward Gould, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £71,000.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1888), with a codicil (dated April 30, 1890), of Mrs. Elizabeth Depret, late of 30, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, who died on Aug. 17, at Scarborough, was proved on Dec. 10 by William Matthew Mills Whitehouse and Sir Frederick Walter Carden, Bart., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £63,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the London Orphan Asylum, the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Consumptive Hospital (Brompton), the Hospital for Incurables, the Royal Maternity Charity, and the

London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read and Training Them in Industrial Pursuits; £1000 to her husband, Edmond Auguste Depret; £5000 (and a further £5000 upon the death of her husband), upon trust, for her sister-in-law, Fanny Margaret Samuel, for life; £500, and an annuity of £52 to her maid, Margaret Sarah Turner; £100 to her goddaughter, Edith Lillian Laura Carden; £100 to each of her executors; and legacies to servants. There are some specific gifts of jewellery, and certain pictures, &c., are made heirlooms. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her husband, for life, or until he shall marry again; then for her nephew, Henry Simon Samuel, for life; and then for his children, as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1891) of Mr. Richard William Cooper, late of "Brynbell," Tulse Hill, and of Westminster Chambers, 7, Victoria Street, solicitor and Parliamentary agent, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Dec. 12 by Edward Campbell Cooper, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator bequeaths £200, all the furniture and effects at his residence (except certain pictures), and £500 per annum during widowhood, to his wife; £75 per annum to his sister, Henrietta Elizabeth Hutchison, for life; and legacies to clerks and servants. His share of the goodwill and practice of his business he gives, upon certain conditions, to his sons, Edward Campbell and Frederic Ernest. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children. Five pictures (by Cornelius Breze, Bout and Boedwyns, Rykaert, Moucheron and Lingelbach, and the Venetian School) are to be offered to the trustees of the National Gallery, on condition that the inscription "R. W. Cooper, Tulse Hill," is placed upon them, and that the picture by Moucheron and Lingelbach is hung in a strong light.

The will (dated July 14, 1891) of Mr. Edward Jackson Everett, late of 177, Knight's Hill Road, West Norwood, who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Dec. 3 by William Everett, the son, John George Gibbins, and Miss Amelia Everett, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to the Undenominational Church of Christ at Norwood New Town; legacies amounting to £100 to the Sunday School, Dorcas, and Benevolent Society, and the Visitation Society meeting at the Mission-room, Norwood New Town; £100 to the Protestant Independent Church, Heytesbury, Wilts; £200 to each of his executors; £200 to his nephew, George Jeffrey; £300 to his sister-in-law, Maria Everett; £100 to his niece, Mary Hart Everett; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his six children, William, Thomas, Amelia, Susan, Ellen, and Octavia, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 18, 1886), with two codicils (dated Oct. 16, and Dec. 25, 1887), of Mr. Abraham Lindo Mocatta, late of 84, Baker Street, who died on Nov. 9, was proved on Dec. 9 by Mrs. Jessie Dobson, the sister, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator

bequeaths £3000 to his brother, Samuel Mocatta; £200 to the West London Synagogue of British Jews (Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square); £300 to Maria Beacall; and £25 each to two servants. He does not dispose of the residue of his property, and states that, with the exception of the foregoing legacies, and that the children of his brother Elias are not to take any share of his personal estate, it is his intention to die intestate.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The announcement that the Queen has decided on spending a few weeks at Costebelle, near Hyères, in March, has caused great satisfaction in that part of the Riviera, and the local authorities are already bestirring themselves to make her Majesty's stay in their midst as pleasant as possible. The pathways are to be smoothed down and turned into carriage roads, and nothing will be left undone which may be calculated to contribute to her comfort and convenience.

Just as the usual New Year's truce was about to commence, the Franco-Bulgarian incident has reminded people that the Balkan peninsula is the one dangerous spot in Europe. There was no need of that, as every observer of European politics well knows, and it would seem as if the matter had been purposely exaggerated in some quarters. No doubt, an incident of this sort might be made as awkward as it can possibly be, but there is no reason to believe that either France or Russia wishes to push things to extremes, although it is stated that the French Government has recalled its Consuls at Philippopolis, Rustchuk, and Bourgas. M. Ribot's hastiness has been diversely explained by his wish to please Russia and by his natural inclination to look at things in a lawyer-like, narrow point of view. Probably the latter feeling was increased by the former. But whatever may have been his motives in instructing the French Agent to break off diplomatic relations with the Bulgarian Government, it is felt that, interesting as M. Chadourne may be, the peace of Europe will not be disturbed on account of the expulsion from Sofia of the correspondent of a news agency.

As to the legal aspect of the question, the view of the French Foreign Office is that Bulgaria, being under the suzerainty of the Porte, cannot enjoy rights which are denied to the suzerain Power; and, as in Turkey the foreigners are protected by the Capitulations, under which the Porte has no right of expulsion, it follows, say the French, that the expulsion of M. Chadourne is absolutely illegal.

Admiral Gervais, who commanded the French squadron which visited Cronstadt and Portsmouth last summer, has been appointed Chief of the General Staff at the Ministry of Marine. This is about as high a position as any French naval officer can hold, and for some time the appointment has been expected in French naval circles.

A few weeks ago, two Englishmen, named Cooper and


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Bedwell, were arrested at St. Etienne under the law of espionage. They have now been committed for trial.

Prince Bismarck, a few days ago, gave his views on the commercial treaties which Germany has just concluded with Austria, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland to a deputation from Siegen, which came to present him with the freedom of that town. He said that as he must either be silent or speak against the measures, he was unable to take part in the debate in the Reichstag. This debate, by the way, has been conducted without much opposition, and the third reading took place on Dec. 18, after which the House adjourned for the Christmas holidays.

It is pointed out, in connection with the new treaties, that the French wine trade will lose heavily by it, for the eleventh article of the Treaty of Frankfurt, which guarantees to France the most-favoured-nation clause, stipulates that she shall enjoy the same concessions as may be made to various countries, including Great Britain, all of which are named; but it is silent as to Spain and Italy. Concessions, therefore, may be made to these two countries which France cannot claim. Thus the anti-French character of the new treaties is every day more apparent.

Some of the German papers have lately been advocating the prolongation of the treaties upon which the Triple Alliance is based until the end of the year 1903, in order that they may be concurrent with the commercial treaties. As the treaty between Germany and Austria is to be of indeterminate duration, it is clear that the German papers in question wish Italy

to bind itself for a further period of six years—that is, from 1897 to 1903, to Germany and Austria-Hungary.

There is little detailed information from Russia as to the famine; but indirectly it may be surmised that the situation of the peasants of certain districts is most deplorable. For instance, the resignation of M. Hubbenet, the Minister of Ways and Communications, is said to be due to the fact that the Czar has at last heard what all the world has known for months, that, while the population of whole governments are starving, there are, in other districts, large quantities of corn, which cannot be sent to the famished provinces owing to the lack of railway communication and of a proper organisation. Then, again, the falling off in the payment of taxes in several provinces, amounting in some cases to 50 per cent. of the amount paid in the corresponding period of last year, is significant. Finally, when a Russian paper, alluding to the political consequences of the famine, says that Russia has no need at present for any foreign policy, that the French must understand that since Cronstadt the situation is altered, and that the Russians have too much to put in order at home at this moment, it admits that the condition of affairs is more serious than people in other countries believe it to be.

It is understood that Count Hartenau (Prince Alexander of Battenberg) has obtained permission from the Emperor of Austria to accept the pension of £2000 per annum voted him by the Bulgarian Sobranje; and thus ends a very noteworthy incident, which reflects equal credit on the past and the present rulers of Bulgaria.

It is possible that ere long very interesting information on the state of affairs in the Soudan may be available. A priest—Father Ohrwalder—and two nuns of the Soudan Austrian Mission, having succeeded in escaping from Omdurman, have arrived at Cairo, and must be in a position to make most valuable statements as to the true position of affairs in Mahdi-land. The three refugees are reported to have stated that there are about fifty Europeans at Omdurman, all of whom are well.

The Brazilian Governors of provinces seem to have had a very bad time of it. After the Governor of Rio de Janeiro and of Rio Grande, the Governor of Sao Paulo yielded to popular sentiment and resigned. Thereupon, order was restored, but not, however, without a few encounters between the insurgents and the soldiers, during which a fair number of skulls were cracked.

Unfortunately for that much-trying country, a terrible epidemic of yellow fever is raging at Santos, where people are dying in hundreds.

Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., presided on Dec. 17 over an ordinary general meeting of the Channel Tunnel Company, Limited. It was stated that the Bill for the prosecution of the experimental works, withdrawn last Session through pressure of public business, would be reintroduced. An interesting feature of the experiments so far was the discovery of coal, of which they have already found seven workable seams, and a seam of greater thickness and greater hardness was anticipated.

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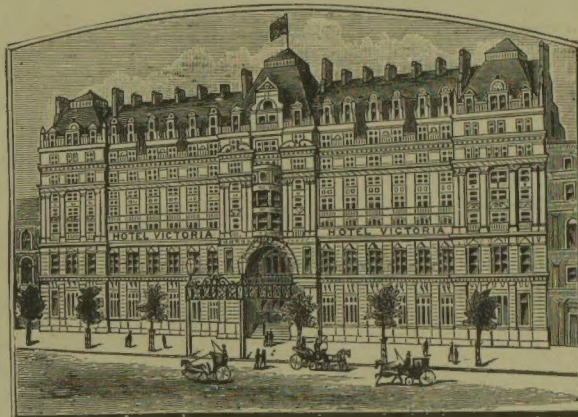
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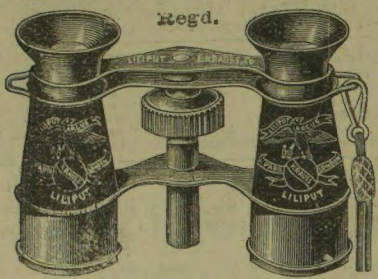
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